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PROTECTION AND SECESSION.

THE Republican majority of the Senate at Washington has displayed its vulgar illiberality by closing the gallery which has hitherto been allotted to the diplomatic body. If it were worth while to inquire into the motive of so paltry a proceeding, it would probably appear that the affront was provoked by the remonstrances of the Foreign Ministers against the new Protectionist tariff, or against a vexatious blockade of the Confederate ports. There is also something congenial to the nature of many American politicians in the safe affectation of indifference or superiority in all dealings with strangers. The representatives of a promiscuous democracy are always thinking of their own popularity, although they may at the same time incidentally keep in view the interests of their constituents. Unless American character and conduct are to be judged by some exceptional standard, it would seem impossible to exceed the weakness, the vacillation, and the inconsistency which have prevailed from the commencement of the crisis in all dealings with the seceding States. It is only where the selfish interest of classes or individuals has been concerned, that promptitude and energy have taken the place of timid and abortive efforts at conciliation. The cotton-spinners of New England and the ironmasters of Pennsylvania saw that while their country was falling to pieces there was something for themselves to pick up in the scramble. The Treasury was empty, and the Southern members were no longer present to protect the taxpayer from sordid schemes of private extortion, under pretence of raising a necessary revenue. There was a cunning impudence in the original construction of the tariff, inasmuch as legitimate duties on tea and coffee were intentionally inserted in the draft. As soon as the Bill had passed through committee, the non-competing articles were struck out of the schedule, so that the protective duties alone remained to prove the honesty and patriotism of Congress. The stipulated price of the Pennsylvania vote has thus been fully paid, and the Republicans, as they divide their plunder in the form of official salaries and manufacturing profits, believe that they can afford to smile at the convenient disruption of the Union, and to disregard the contemptuous indignation of Europe. Mr. SEWARD, though he cannot keep the Federal fort at Charleston, has several times announced his intention of annexing Canada, and his allies probably hope that verbal bluster may be accepted by the bulk of the party as a set-off against inglorious tameness and passive acquiescence in national disaster. The cotton and iron interests have acted precisely in the spirit of those cosmopolitan traders who, in time of war, are always ready to sell arms and ammunition to the enemy. The tariff which is to swell their gains serves as a political charter of incorporation to the seceding States, inasmuch as it furnishes all foreign Powers with an urgent motive for recognising and supporting the Southern Confederacy. Mr. BUCHANAN, after his long connivance at the treasonable designs of his Democratic colleagues, worthily closed his career by approving the legislative expression of Republican meanness and narrowness.

The announcement that Fort Sumter is to be abandoned to its fate excites little surprise. The army of the United States is too weak for any considerable enterprise, and the officers have, for the most part, been appointed and promoted through the interest of Southern politicians. The fort might have been relieved and reinforced by sea when Mr. BUCHANAN first submitted to negotiate with the deputies of South Carolina, but the secessionist forces have since had ample opportunity of fortifying the approaches of the river, and it is perhaps scarcely worth while to relieve a position which could not be permanently held. Major ANDERSON, who seized and held the fort in defiance of superior orders,

appears to be the only functionary in the military or civil service of the United States who has done his duty in the present crisis. Several of the Northern cities have fired salutes to express their admiring astonishment at the spectacle of an officer who neither betrayed his post nor deserted. It is not improbable that in four years Major ANDERSON may be elected President of whatever portion may be left of the American Union. The capitulation of Fort Sumter must be shortly followed by the discontinuance of all attempts to collect the customs in the Southern ports. The Confederate Government will take care that the threatened interference shall not be confined to a mere fiscal operation, and as soon as actual war breaks out, the investing force will be subjected to all the restrictions which affect belligerent rights. The navy of the United States, even if it should prove more loyal than the army, is not strong enough to maintain an effective blockade of Charleston, of Pensacola, and of the mouths of the Mississippi. Any attempt to interfere with commercial intercourse by the occasional visits of scattered cruisers will lead to collisions with the European Powers at a time when the Northern Union is absolutely defenceless. If the Republican party had been thoroughly in earnest, a vigorous invasion of the Southern States might have overpowered resistance, but there is no practicable medium between coercion and passive acquiescence.

Mr. LINCOLN's inaugural discourse proved, as might have been expected, that the intentions which he had carefully concealed had not, in fact, been formed. His position is embarrassing, and he appears not to have discovered any means of surmounting the difficulties around him. If his words are taken in their obvious sense, they imply that he has determined on war; but his late rival, Mr. DOUGLAS, may probably be right in his non-natural interpretation of a hesitating and confused manifesto. Mr. SEWARD seems to have taught the PRESIDENT his own affectation of not recognising the transparent fact of the secession. Mr. LINCOLN, who appears himself to be an honest and straightforward man, proves that the South had no cause for separation, and then proceeds to announce that he will continue to enforce the laws, while he will at the same time abstain from coercion. To compel without compulsion, to enforce and yet to dispense with force, to govern a territory which has organized an independent Government of its own—absurdities of this kind are not so much verbal contradictions as illustrations of the divorce which habitual loquacity has effected between fact and phraseology. If it is difficult to understand the PRESIDENT's language, the wishes of Mr. DOUGLAS and his friends are not more intelligible. The supposed triumph of a pacific policy which implies unconditional submission can scarcely be considered a legitimate subject for boasting. It may be prudent to let the South renounce its allegiance with impunity, but the discovery that the Federal bond is absolutely without sanction or guarantee might disturb a susceptible patriotism. It was not within the limits of probability that the seceding States should be reclaimed, even if the new tariff had not created a fresh barrier between the greedy manufacturers and the cotton-planters. No serious politician can suppose that, even if other causes of quarrel were removed, Louisiana and Mississippi would submit to iniquitous taxes which were only imposed when their own senators and representatives had retired from Congress. Mr. DOUGLAS has a considerable reputation for ability, and Mr. LINCOLN is apparently not deficient in good sense. It is not necessary to suppose that political leaders in America have suddenly become imbecile, but the habits of their country induce them to cover embarrassment and indecision with a cloud of words.

An excuse for much vagueness and insincerity of language is probably to be found in the necessity of humouring the

Border States. North Carolina and Missouri have expressed their desire to adhere to the Union, and Virginia, notwithstanding the total failure of the Peace Convention, still affects the character of umpire. Mr. LINCOLN may probably understand that the cotton provinces are hopelessly lost, and his efforts may really be confined to the object of preventing the Middle States from following their example. The attitude of Virginia furnishes a plausible excuse for abstaining from attempts at coercion which would otherwise be inconvenient or impracticable; but when one of the parties in a dispute is determined not to be reconciled, there is no room for mediation. When the agitation first commenced, it was naturally believed in England that the menaces of the South were exaggerated expressions of temporary irritation. It is now certain that the secession was long since deliberately prepared, and that it has been carried out because it is thought to coincide with the interest of its promoters. The not inconsiderable concessions of principle which the Republicans have eagerly volunteered fail to affect the real motives which have led to the disruption. Free expansion to the South and unfettered intercourse with Europe are regarded by the Confederate States as more important than Fugitive Slave Laws or revivals of the Missouri Compromise. The Middle States may probably end in joining the Southern league; and in the mean time they have protected the seceders from all risk of forcible interference. The North has within itself sufficient population and resources to constitute a Power of the first order; and its greatest danger at present consists in the possibility of a Middle Confederation. If the Free States could form a separate Union, the great producing districts of the North-West would ultimately overrule the selfish and suicidal cupidity of the Atlantic provinces. Bad legislation is sometimes as pernicious as natural disaster, but it is more easily revoked and remedied.

TEAR'EM.

IT is not a month since Mr. ROEBUCK surprised, if not his enemies, at least his friends, by his sudden avowal of sympathy with Austria. On that occasion the House of Commons had to lament the unhappy breakdown and complete failure, from a moral point of view, of Tear'em, the British watchdog. Tear'em had made great pretensions to ferocity. At a banquet given some time ago by the Master-Cutlers of Sheffield, he had pointed out the duties he meant to perform, and enlarged, with apparent satisfaction, upon his own fidelity. He had, in the first instance, confidently, and perhaps hastily, christened himself by the name in question. "I am the British watchdog," he had said, amidst the cheers of the Master-Cutlers, who from that moment ceased to feel insecure—"I am Tear'em." It was understood thenceforward that England was safe under his protecting care. It was his duty to worry Emperors and Kings, to bark whenever he was spoken to by foreigners, and to make himself generally as disagreeable as possible to the world. For some time after this announcement, it was acknowledged that there was no part of his duty which he left undischarged. "Tear'em," said the Englishmen of Sheffield, "never is asleep. Tear'em has got his eye upon the Emperor of the FRENCH, and things in general. No danger is to be apprehended from any quarter." If, in the hour of festive pride, when he appointed himself to his new office, some Master-Cutler had risen, like a shadow at the banquet, to say, "Remember, Tear'em, that even thou art mortal!" the injudicious monitor would have met with no sympathy at Sheffield. But things are altered during the last few months. Tear'em has been travelling on the Continent, and foreign experience has given to the British guardian of the flock a touch of foreign manners. The member for Sheffield, after a bath of Vienna air, returns home a Viennese. The Austrians have been taking a lively interest in him, and he, in consequence, begins to feel a lively admiration for the Austrian Constitution. Tear'em, the sternest and staunchest of Britons, has become a diplomatist, and learnt to entertain serious doubts about the propriety of Italian unity. He is afraid that GARIBALDI, after all, is but what the Americans would call a filibuster. He is for taking a broad and expansive aspect of Continental politics. He has been studying the map of Europe. He wishes to look at the status of Italy from the point of view of universal statesmanship. Accordingly, he demands that enlightened Austria should retain Venice, lest, if Italy become too powerful, she may fall too much under the influence of France. Then, again, there is Russia. Gracious heavens! how awkward it would have been for a politician like Tear'em to have forgotten Russia! The steady advance of Russia

towards the East naturally requires that Austria should be left in possession of the bank of the Mincio. In Austria, says the honourable member for Sheffield, British interests will ever find "a protector." "Austria is our natural Continental ally." This is very strange language from Radical lips. We think we liked Tear'em better before he had seen the world and come back with the air of diplomacy and foreign travel on him. No wonder that the Master-Cutlers of Sheffield are disconcerted at the remarkable transformation that has taken place. These are curious manners for the English watchdog to put on. Can anybody, they say, have been creating the faithful creature a Count of the Austrian Empire? What can have put all this nonsense into his brain? Somebody, beyond all doubt, has been patting our Tear'em's head.

From a correspondence which has this last week appeared in the daily papers, it would seem that a few of the Sheffield electors who look upon their representative's odd behaviour with little favour, have issued an invitation to summon him to give an account of himself at a meeting of his constituents. Every member of Parliament knows what such an invitation portends. The prospect of meeting their constituents prematurely is sufficient to cloud the independent minds of all those very disinterested politicians who happen to have changed their opinions since they were last elected. To be reminded that even Parliaments die, and that members do not always survive them, is a wholesome, though unpalatable check upon the soaring fancy of great but versatile statesmen. Mr. HORSMAN had scarcely time to elaborate a new and original theory of the British Constitution before he felt a pull at the string which was tied round his leg, and knew that the electors of Stroud began to take an inconveniently close interest in his proceedings. Mr. ROEBUCK has just developed a grand political view of European affairs, when the Sheffield collar, in an unaccountable way, is suddenly tightened round his neck. After being placed in a position of European notoriety, it was very trying to Mr. HORSMAN to be threatened with political extinction by the good people of Stroud. Mr. ROEBUCK's situation may possibly prove quite as undignified. Sheffield does not understand about Russia advancing to the East, nor how a united Italy is less likely than a disunited Italy to be at the feet of France, nor what her member says about the necessity of an Austrian camp upon the Po. Some of her incredulous citizens seem to look at Tear'em as if they suspected him, and were unable to comprehend the important political airs with which he is walking up and down. They appear to be of opinion that whatever be the talent which he shows for political travel, for commercial enterprise, and for dealing with Continental matters from a grandly diplomatic point of view, Tear'em, viewed relatively to Sheffield, is a moral wreck. Tear'em, on the other hand, is sagacious enough to look with suspicion upon all their overtures for a personal interview at close quarters. Upon being called upon to explain himself, he shows a natural dislike to what he knows is before him. It is rather difficult for anybody to succeed in whistling him in. Perfectly alive to his situation, he prefers standing and looking at his masters from a little distance. Tear'em would very much like to be able to close his ears both to menace and to blandishment. He would rather not go home to Sheffield till everything has blown over. If at last he consents to a conference, it is reluctantly and because he cannot help it.

We confess that it is with more amusement than pity that from a little distance we watch the embarrassment of Tear'em. These violent professions of patriotic liberalism have often violent ends. Having started with so loud a cry, he should have taken care not to terminate his proceedings in domestic disgrace. Nor are we sorry to see a speech so damaging to his political reputation as his last visited with gentle severity upon his own head. In ancient States, it was the custom for this or that citizen of note to take under his especial protection the interests of some foreign nation to which he was bound by friendly feeling, commercial intercourse, or ties of hospitality. It was his business, his pleasure, and perhaps to his advantage, to espouse her cause, to assist her in difficulty, and to act as consul to her flag. We are not anxious to see the custom reproduced again in these times. Austria has her own Ambassador, and does not want a Proxenus. Mr. ROEBUCK, so far as he is a member of Parliament, is a representative of the claims, not of Austria, but of Sheffield. We have no wish to see him stand to the former in the relation in which a statesman of still greater ability, and of

as pronounced views, for a year or two past has stood to France. Mr. COBDEN is a man of whom we do not wish to speak without respect; but the peculiar character of his position at Paris, coupled with his commercial views, has rendered him incapable of looking at Continental politics except from the point of view of cotton. The honourable member for Sheffield is not a man of Mr. COBDEN's distinction. He has never converted a country to Free-trade. There is no danger of his converting any Emperor to anything. Indeed, it seems to be more possible that he may be converted himself by the first comer. But even were he all that he is not, we do not care to have amongst us an Austrian COBDEN.

But there are other grounds on which we conceive that the Sheffield electors have a right to complain of their member. He has delivered an harangue which would almost do honour to Mr. HENNESSY or to Lord ROBERT MONTAGU. His argument that England's duty is to oppose the emancipation of Venetia because a powerful Italy may some day combine with France to trouble us, is one which is more worthy of a follower of Mr. DISRAELI than of a broad-minded Liberal. This is precisely the species of remark that was made more than once by the leader of the Conservatives on the occasion of the annexation of Tuscany and the Romagna. It is an argument post-dated by about forty-five years. It is well enough for a man who never can remember that he is not the hero of his own novels to talk in a tone of mystery about European complications, and to hint, with a shake of his head, at diplomatic eventualities. This is all part of the political religion of Mumbo-Jumbo, which only at present survives in the soul of its one great teacher, in the pages of one decayed journal, and in the breasts of a handful of sentimental young gentlemen. Liberals should stand clear of such political pedantry. There are many reasons why we should deplore as a European calamity the renewal of the war upon the Mincio, but the fear that Italy will become too powerful to suit our own purposes is not assuredly one. Speeches of this kind—repudiated though they are by the opinion of the country—are the speeches which cause England's character to be misunderstood upon the Continent. We are not so selfish as Mr. ROEBUCK would have us be. Let us leave to other Governments the enviable task of discussing the question whether or not, from the point of view of their own interests, Italy ought to be free. But in no case is the train of reasoning which Mr. ROEBUCK suggests a correct one. To infer that because NAPOLEON III. is upon one side, therefore it is necessarily England's interest to espouse the other, is a conclusion based upon the most illogical and the most ordinary of fallacies. It is a similar fallacy to that which at present is blinding the eyes and shipwrecking the prospects of all but an infinitesimal minority among the most distinguished Liberals of France. The wisest, as well as the simplest course of this country, is to hold in a broad way, irrespectively of the rest of the world, by the cause of liberty, of order, and of peace. An obstructive policy would give the battle to the hands of her enemies. Fortunately, an obstructive policy, as far at least as Italy is concerned, is impossible for England, so long as she is self-governing, unprejudiced, and free. This Mr. ROEBUCK has chosen to forget. The time was when he professed to know it. What may have been the nature of the reasoning by which he has been perverted is a minor matter altogether. Perhaps he may be reconverted again by the remonstrances of his Sheffield friends on Monday next. If not, we trust that nothing will prevent his constituents from recalling to his remembrance some of the disregarded principles which, till lately, were supposed to influence him in his political career.

THE SERFS AND THE POLES.

ALEXANDER II. of Russia appears to those who are imperfectly acquainted with the reasons of his acts a prudent, just, and generous sovereign. It would be rash to assume that the traditional policy of his predecessors has been abandoned, and it cannot be forgotten that his Government has recently made threatening demonstrations against the Turkish Empire. It was during the present reign that the mysterious arrangement, which has never yet been divulged, was concluded between France and Russia on the eve of the Austrian war. Nevertheless, foreign policy is intimately connected with domestic administration, and as long as the Emperor ALEX-

ANDER is actively promoting the welfare of his subjects, he will not be likely to interrupt his beneficent experiments for purposes of foreign aggression. For the utter prostration of Russian resources, in consequence of the Crimean war, he has provided the only effectual remedy, by suspending, or lightening, the usual conscription for the army. Like many private individuals, he seems to have profited by the vices and errors of his father, whose example he carefully avoids, notwithstanding conventional professions of respect for his memory. By devoting his chief attention to his army, and by forcible repression of free opinion in his Empire and its dependencies, NICHOLAS secured the universal respect of those worshippers of force who have since transferred their devotion to a less unworthy idol in the Emperor NAPOLEON. In the course of his reign, the few remaining franchises of Poland were confiscated, while Russia was steadily debarred from all internal improvement. The difficulties which he suppressed or evaded have necessarily been transferred to his successor, and it is still doubtful whether it is possible for a foreign sovereign to obtain the willing allegiance of Poland. At home, ALEXANDER II. has lost no time in effecting the great social reform which is necessary before Russia can be placed on an equality with European countries. Experience alone can show whether the existence of a free peasantry is compatible with the maintenance of the landed nobility, or whether it will facilitate the creation of a middle class. It was only certain that serfage was incompatible with civilization, and that the change which is now to be effected would otherwise have taken place at some future time, when there might have been more serious impediments to an equitable adjustment of interests.

The proclamation which formally inaugurates the abolition of slavery is composed in the language of dignified and benevolent superiority. The EMPEROR exhorts the emancipated peasants to deserve the boon which he confers upon them, and he inculcates gratitude to their former masters for a liberation which is ostensibly voluntary. Exhortations of this kind would be out of place in Western Europe; but they are probably well suited to the country and to the occasion. The serfs have no excuse for violence or discontent, for in two years they will become freeholders of their homesteads, with facilities for purchasing the additional land which they require for their support. There is, fortunately, no danger of the economical disadvantages which resulted from the sudden abolition of negro slavery in the English colonies. The blacks of the West Indies had only been reclaimed from savage life by a discipline which converted them into grown-up children. They had neither internal organization nor social traditions to take the place of the master's arbitrary will. The most valuable produce of slave-labour bore an artificial value, and occupied but a small portion of surface of the country. When sugar could no longer be produced by coercion, it was found impossible to obtain steady and reliable labour by the payment of wages. The Russian peasant, notwithstanding his servile condition, has long been accustomed to a rude and primeval civilization, which involved rights, responsibilities, and above all, the opportunity of acquiring property. Capricious masters had an almost unlimited power of oppressing their dependents, but habitual interference with the customs of the people was troublesome, ineffective, and unprofitable. The village communities, resembling the corresponding institutions in many parts of India, bear the same relation to civilized societies of proprietors and tenants which exists between a plant and a mollusc, or a reptile and a quadruped. The land is to a great extent held in common, and transmitted independently of hereditary succession, but the fundamental institution of property and the habit of co-operation have been familiar in Russia for centuries. A wholesome cupidity secures the peasant from the danger of apathy, and in some form he will continue to work, though perhaps he may not always be willing to hire out his services to his former master. There will be no falling off in the production of the national staples of corn, and flax, and hemp; but the proportion in which the profits of agriculture are distributed will probably be largely changed. The customs of the country and its religion are as well suited to a nation of peasant freeholders as to a population of serfs. Whatever may be the fate of the gentry, the sum of human happiness will be largely increased by the social revolution. It would be reasonable and judicious to offer the nobility a partial compensation by restoring their independent rank, instead of making all precedence depend

on the possession of office. The same reform would enable the wealthy and degraded caste of traders to rise by degrees into the condition of a cultivated and respectable class. ALEXANDER II. is too enlightened to believe that a nation can be regenerated by a single change, however important, in the condition of the peasantry and in the tenure of property. Even the clergy may hereafter be made something better than vulgar and superstitious fanatics or formalists.

The Imperial solicitude is extended to Poland with different impediments and results. The sympathy which binds the Russian serf to the half-sacred EMPEROR is unknown in the conquered, oppressed, and Roman Catholic kingdom. The relaxation of the intolerable despotism which had been maintained by NICHOLAS gave the Poles an opportunity of showing that they had forgotten neither their national existence nor their wrongs. Their demands were directed to the restoration of their language and their laws, and the Government could not fail to comprehend that the inhabitants and the upper classes were united in the determination to vindicate their rights, or at least to keep them alive by consistent protests. The subordinate functionaries, probably against the will of the EMPEROR, relied on the old Russian and Austrian policy of exciting the peasantry against the pretensions of the landlords; but the gentry, taught by experience, anticipated the concessions of the Government, and offered the serfs their freedom as a direct gift from their former masters. The late collisions in Warsaw have forwarded the schemes of the national party, both by the indignation excited against the authorities, and through the equitable and well-meant concessions of the Government. The Emperor ALEXANDER, in exercising a leniency of which his father would have been incapable, was probably disappointed to find that his offers were received, not as a gift, but as a fractional payment of a debt. When his measure of emancipation is brought forward, the peasantry will only recognise the performance of a promise, while the gentry will suffer in their interests, and easily discover political causes of dissatisfaction.

The tidings of the liberation of Italy have penetrated into the remote North; and in the probable contingency of a successful insurrection in Hungary, it is impossible that the expectations of Poland should not be aroused. Though the kingdom has been reduced to a subject province, the Russian portion has never been divided; and even English Ministers would admit that it has formerly been capable of independent existence. In the kindred and comparatively free regions of Posen and Galicia, political discontent is more openly expressed on slighter provocation. The disaffection of Austrian Poland is especially worthy of notice, as it was in Galicia that the Government of Vienna most effectually carried out its revolutionary system of ruling by internal division. The peasantry were encouraged by the Austrian authorities to plunder and murder their landlords; but although the lesson was easily learned, the experiment has not resulted in a loyal attachment to the Imperial dynasty. The Russian functionary in Warsaw who lately attempted to create a similar social schism has been prudently disavowed and dismissed by his Government. Despotism ought to understand that the educated classes have long memories for wrong, and that it is never difficult to excite popular feeling against a foreign oppressor. The Emperor ALEXANDER is not incapable of emulating the generous sympathy which his uncle and namesake once entertained for his Polish subjects; but it will be impossible to reconcile Poland to the supremacy of a foreign nation, and Russia would be discontented with an equal and dynastic union.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CRUSADERS.

THERE is no surer way of misunderstanding a foreign nation than to see only the ludicrous side of the pretensions which it delights to put forward. Our first impulse is to laugh when we hear LOUIS NAPOLEON called the Eldest Son of the Church, and find M. BILLAULT stating that he and his countrymen are the children of the Crusaders. But there can be no question that the historical connexion between the Papacy and their military ancestors exercises a great influence over the minds of the French, and that they delight in the glory of a Church militant that wars under the banner of France. It is also true that—with, perhaps, the exception of Spain in the late raid on Morocco—the only approach made by any modern nation to the action of the Crusaders on Oriental nations is being made in our time by the French. They push forward mili-

tary conquests partly from the love of adventure, and partly for the sake of commercial advantages; but also, in a great measure, that they may have the satisfaction of carrying the Cross among the heathen, and singing *Te Deum* in the temples of fallen idols. The French missionaries are much the most active, the most enduring, the most ambitious of success that the Romish Church has now at her command; and they follow in the wake of French conquest as the priests and teachers of ancient Christendom followed where the Emperors and chiefs of Crusading Europe led the way. The French at once augment and elevate their love of warlike glory by the thought that wars otherwise useless at least contribute to the victory of the Church over the world. When strange barbaric sounds ring in their ears, and they know that regiment after regiment is being hurried off to regions reeking with fever and pestilence fatal to Europeans—when they read that the great province of Comadge is to be occupied, and that if this does not bring the Emperor of Annam to his senses, the rich capital Hue shall be given over to the sword—they delight in thinking that, if no other results are attained, their EMPEROR will be blessed in Comadge and Hue, and the Cross will crown the most conspicuous heights of Cochin China. Like the Crusaders, the French succeed in making military conquests that at any rate keep the heathen in subjection. They are rapidly extending the limits of their occupation both in Asia and Africa. At the same time that Comadge is threatened, the coast of Senegal, from St. Louis to Goree, is lined with a chain of forts that will make a most important part of Eastern Africa as purely French as Algeria. The only occupants of Algeria who thrive there, besides the military, are the priests and the charitable orders and bodies, which work both among the natives and the Europeans with unremitting zeal. The French are really like the Crusaders, both in what they do and in what they do not do. They get possession of distant countries, and there wage perpetual war, while zealots of all degrees of purity and sincerity eagerly seize on any new field of exertion opened to them by the success of the soldiery. Like the Crusaders, they have hitherto failed to affect the great body of the heathen, but they sustain wavering tribes and classes of semi-Christians in a traditional attachment to Rome. The only conspicuous result of the efforts of the French missionaries has been among the debased Christians of Abyssinia and Syria and the half-castes of India. Like the Crusaders, too, they present the strangest mixture of religion and irreligion; and the soldiers of General D'HAUTROUL are probably about as good and as bad as the soldiers of GODFREY and ST. LOUIS. If it seem strange that a country of which Paris is the capital can take an interest in any religion whatever, there is something equally strange in the villany and crime of all kinds which distinguished the faithful in the ages of faith.

For the last three centuries, religion and politics have been so largely intermingled that in every country of Europe there is a religious side of politics and a political side of religion. To many minds in England, Protestantism becomes something at once definite and precious when it is remembered as the cause in behalf of which ELIZABETH withstood the might of Spain, and WILLIAM III. waged unremitting war with France. And now it is more in fashion than ever to survey and explain the present by a theory of the historical past. Nothing could throw a better light on M. BILLAULT's claim for France that she inherits the mantle of the Crusaders than Count CAVOUR's announcement that it is the special mission of Italy, as the country of DANTE and SAVONAROLA, to reform the Church, but never to leave it. The French are to spread the Gospel sword in hand—the Italians are to make the Church purer, better, and happier. The one claim is perhaps as good as the other, although the French possess the advantage of having given rather more practical proof that their claim is well-founded. But no doubt Count CAVOUR would be most willing to improve and discipline the Church, if only the POPE would see things from the same point of view. The claim of the Italians to be great reformers within the bosom of the Church is at least sufficiently warranted by history to harmonize very well with the present temper of the Italian nation, which wishes to put the Papacy on a new footing, though not to break with Catholicism; and a formula like this, when once started, if it expresses in a convenient shape what a large body of persons wish to have expressed, has a wonderful tendency to work out its own practical fulfilment. The French really seize on useless possessions which they cannot colonize, and

which, in an economical point of view, cost far more than they are worth, because they are pleased with the notion of their proving themselves to be the children of the Crusaders. And the Italians may very probably catch with equal avidity at the notion of being excellent though reforming Catholics, and at being the heirs of DANTE and SAVONAROLA. This historical aspiration will at once satisfy and guide them, and perhaps not the least of the many services which Count CAVOUR has rendered to his countrymen is to have struck out so neat and fertile a formula of religious action.

Unless we take into account the sincerity with which men cling to formulas of this kind when borne out by some sort of historical evidence, it is impossible to understand the mode in which the dissolution of the temporal power of the Papacy is regarded by those who are most likely to bring it about. Perhaps the Eldest Son of the Church, like some other eldest sons, does not much respect his parent; and Count CAVOUR may not personally resemble SAVONAROLA very closely, or be actuated by quite the same kind of motives. But when they say that the Papacy, on abandoning the temporal power, would reserve to itself much sublimer and greater power in its spiritual kingdom and the empire it would exercise over ideas, they really mean what they say. It is quite true that if the scandal of the French occupation of Rome were removed, and if the contest between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were to cease in France, there would be nothing to stand between the French nation and the full enjoyment of its crusades. That the French will ever again be brought wholly under the influence of Catholicism may not be very likely, but crusading might easily become ten times as fashionable as it is at present. In Italy, in the same way, the Papacy might gain fresh life by humouring the Italians in their new-born passion for political reforms. That there is a stagnation in Catholicism just at present is too obvious to escape even the eyes of Popes and Cardinals; and that the Church might be aroused into new activity if it were free to give play to the fancies and passions of two great Catholic nations, cannot be considered improbable. A really able Pope might possibly work the energies of his Crusaders and SAVONAROLAS to the great glory and profit of the Church, and they might prove a compensation for the loss of those provinces in which the sovereignty of the Pontiff is now reduced to the curious level of owning a few foreign mercenaries, who are prevented from torturing and massacring his subjects by the intervention of the troops of a Sovereign whom his Bishops compare to PONTIUS PILATE. As the temporal power cannot last much longer, it is very lucky for the POPE that so large a compensation is at hand. But it ought to be remarked that it is not quite certain that, in the long run, a POPE who sets himself to wield the empire of the religious ideas of France and Italy will never miss the temporal power. The history of the Papacy shows that it has largely profited by the religious ideas of France, and in a minor degree by those of Italy. But the temporal power has been exceedingly useful in preventing these ideas coming home to the Papacy too nearly and too quickly. The POPES have always been able to look about them, to see what they shall take up, and what they shall discountenance, and if they have made mistakes they have had abundant opportunities of bringing things round. The temporal power gave them time. It interposed numberless forms and a vast barrier of ecclesiastical machinery between national ideas and the Head of the Church. There will be nothing of the kind now to protect the POPE, if he is merely a respectable old man in a comfortable palace. Like the Bishop in *Tancred*, he will be called on all of a sudden to give his opinion about the Asian mystery; or, if he hesitate, he will be politely informed that the sources of inspiration are dried up in the Vatican. Slowness of action and resolve is a wonderful help to an ecclesiastical Power, and the POPE of the future, obliged to keep up to the ideas of the day and the hour, may often sigh for the good times when the possession by Divine right of a solid block of territory enabled his predecessors to delay their decisions for a quarter of a century.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

THE Ionian Assembly has once more met in due course for the despatch of business, once more perverted its constitutional capacities to the discussion of projects incompatible with the continuance of the Protectorate under which it exists as a legislative Chamber, and once more been prorogued accordingly. The curtain has fallen again upon one

of those chronic scenes of mi.rocasmic Parliamentary melodrama which Ionian demagogues intend to be tragically effective, however they may appear in England to partake of the nature of a farce, which hardly can pretend to be solemn. At the end of the next six months, a similar spectacle will no doubt be repeated, unless it is further deferred by a previous prorogation or dissolution at the hands of the Lord High Commissioner. Whenever the present Assembly terminates its existence, whether by dissolution or by the simple lapse of the five unproductive years to which its life is constitutionally limited, its successor will probably contain a sufficient proportion of popular representatives anxious and pledged to emulate it in recording the same revolutionary sentiments, and to attain the same painless martyrdom of patriotic idleness and self-enforced futility. As long as the members of the Ionian Legislature draw their salaries by the year, irrespectively of the length of time during which they are professedly occupied in transacting the business of the country, they are not likely to gauge the earnestness of their own separatist patriotism by resigning an office which the tyranny of the Protectorate allows them to hold on such easy but ignominious terms. For the consideration of a hundred pounds a year, payable monthly, the Ionian legislator views himself as the mandatary of the nation, for the sole purpose of periodically protesting against the national constitution to which, such as it is, he has sworn fealty, and from which his powers are derived. The Lord High Commissioner may pipe to him in the most conciliatory of messages, but he will not dance. An insidious foreign tyranny may cut out for him any number of patterns of legislative work in revising the financial, economical, or other internal arrangements of the Seven Islands, but he cannot afford conscientiously to turn his hand to them. The sole duty and business of the Ionian Chamber is apparently to enter an illegal protest, and, having protested, to be sent incontinently about its business by the Lord High Commissioner. Until the next session arrives, it departs and takes its ease, as peaceably and invisibly as "all people from all parts of England" do in the proclamation of the crier of the Court, which closes the Queen's Bench after term.

In the interim, the Lord High Commissioner and the Senate carry on the government by an exceptional provision in the Constitution, which has fitted itself to circumstances and become the rule of practice. The executive is in their hands at all times; and during the suspension or vacation of the Legislative Chamber from its natural functions, the power of legislating is so too. They can collect the revenues and dispose of them according to the latest Civil List, without the concurrence of that refractory body. They can pass ordinances which have the force of law until the Parliament meets again to sanction or disallow them, and they can revive such ordinances in the same provisional manner after such a prorogation as has recently taken place. The constitutional machine works lamely, as might be expected when one of the main co-ordinate parts of the machinery refuses to work at all; but it does not stop altogether. The useless part can be quietly unhooked and disconnected without putting the rest absolutely out of gear. As long as the legislative body cannot work together, it may be difficult or impossible to put into practice any large or permanent salutary measures for the benefit of the Ionian population. If Sir HENRY STORKS were afflicted with any abnormal desire for the abstract improvement of the world in general and the Seven Islands in particular, he would probably feel some sentimental disappointment at the limitation imposed upon his philanthropic energy by the invincible folly of his legislative coadjutors in the Assembly. But there is happily reason to believe that Sir HENRY STORKS is too old and too good a soldier to trouble himself with more than doing his duty in the circumstances in which his Sovereign has placed him. He entered upon the responsibilities of a difficult situation at a moment when they had been not inconsiderably exaggerated by the gratuitous offer of most injudicious and inapplicable concessions. He has used the same weapons of defence as had been used by his predecessors in the Government against the subversive disloyalty of the Legislative Chamber; but he has used them with a demeanour suggestive of strength and resolution, in place of concession or compromise, and with the air, which we trust is well justified, of entire confidence in the support of those to whom he has to render an account at home. The unqualified refusal with which the Ionian Chamber met Mr. GLADSTONE's tender of hyperbolical facilities for yet louder and more inconvenient

sedition than they had hitherto enjoyed, must have convinced all reasonable observers in England of the sheer immateriality of Ionian grievances. In this respect, a foolish offer, unaccepted, may have produced a beneficial consequence which the person who made it had no right to expect. The recent language of the Duke of NEWCASTLE in the House of Lords leads to the inference that the Government is thoroughly in earnest in its determination to maintain unimpaired the power, and to exercise the trust, confided by Europe to England at the peace of 1815. The more definitely and the more strongly this determination is impressed upon the Ionians, the better. Whatever pretended reason their demagogues may have found in Lord JOHN RUSSELL's despatch to Count CAVOUR for re-opening their own case in the way of diplomatic argument, is best met by an authoritative statement that England allows no inference from a case which is in no way parallel. It is possible that repeated and constant instances of the inefficacy of mere factious clamour may at last convince even the Ionians that its further repetition is unprofitable. No other policy at our hands ever will. There are some, though slight, indications in the Islands themselves, that the violence of the press and the Assembly is not responded to with that fervour of contagious enthusiasm in which its originators would fain make the world believe. If the virtue of moral courage is capable of development in the modern Greek character by a continued exhibition of it on the part of the Protectorate, the boldest and wisest among the Ionians may perhaps, in the end, dare to express openly that loyalty to their truest benefactors which at present they are afraid to be suspected of, and almost ashamed to feel. But it is idle to expect that they should ever be true to us if we should again be untrue to ourselves.

The inconsiderate pedantry of Lord GREY was, in the first instance, mainly responsible for endowing the Ionians with the curse of an extravagantly popular system of representation, for which they had been fitted by no previous political or municipal training. It is not unnatural that a conviction of the entire failure of his nostrum, after twelve years' experience, should lead him to the conclusion that the only rational course now remaining for England is to throw up the Protectorate altogether, and leave the Ionians to develop their own destiny as part of a Greek federation or monarchical State. It sounds plausible to say that we have no direct interest in maintaining Corfu as a military station, and that we are in no sense bound to continue to furnish our ungrateful foundlings, against their will, with the benefits of a protection which is so ill appreciated. Since the introduction of steam navies, Corfu is no longer the key to the Adriatic in the sense in which she may formerly have been called so. Nor, indeed, is Gibraltar any longer the indispensable pass-key of the Mediterranean. Yet their importance as fortified stations, capable of enormous influence for attack or defence, is not to be underrated even with all the changes of modern warfare. Our steam fleet in the Mediterranean would be, in the case of a maritime war, less able effectively to keep the sea, without the certainty of secure coaling stations at convenient distances, than our sailing navies ever were; and it is easy to foresee contingencies in which the protection of our commerce in those waters might be most injuriously trammelled or hindered by our being forced to depend for the provision of naval stores upon a single depôt, even as strong and as central as Malta. Still more might our power of self-defence at sea be crippled if stations of such importance, and within such easy distance of Malta, were in the hands, under any title whatever, of any maritime Power that might use their capacities against ourselves. Malta may perhaps be made impregnable in itself. But if Malta be worth retaining at any cost, its utility and its security are both increased by its forming one in a chain of defensible posts, instead of being isolated from any communication with any depôts or arsenals nearer than England. Corfu on the one side, and Gibraltar on the other, are much more obviously the outworks of Malta than they were when first we became the occupiers of all three fortresses. If we were now to retire from the Ionian Islands, the cheapest security for our own peace, and the peace of the world, would lie in the doing of that which we have bound ourselves not to do by the very terms of our occupation—the dismantling of the fortifications of Corfu altogether. With no sort of interest in their maintenance as a fulcrum for aggressive purposes, and with no reasonable suspicion attaching to us of wishing to extend our material power anywhere on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean,

we may still fearlessly claim the same character as the fittest guardians of the place of strength left by the Venetians at the head of the Adriatic, which induced the Powers of Europe to trust it to our hands in 1815.

The other half of the question turns upon the old story, although the conveniently short memory of the Conservative press has ceased to retain the answer given by the Ionians to the offers of Mr. GLADSTONE, and lays the whole responsibility of their roused national feeling to the account of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's supererogatory Italian despatch. Are we to be influenced to the abandonment of our trust by the supposed general wish of the Ionian people for annexation to the kingdom of King ORHO? Does their discontent with our presence among them bind us to deliver them over to their own devices, on pain of condemnation for inconsistency with our expressed political sympathies as a people in the matters of Venice and Naples? If there is one thing which the events of the last two years on the Italian peninsula have brought prominently into light, it is the broad distinction between a nation and a nationality. From Cape Passaro to the Alps, thickly-spread populations of a land singularly marked for unity by its natural features have fused at last into political unity, after a life of centuries passed in close and constant relations, only restrained from being the closest of all by virtue of their political severance. Italians of every part of the Peninsula have mixed their blood in marriage without a sense of foreign alliance, have thought the same thoughts, and fed upon the same common and living literature of their own country for continuous ages. The very fierceness of mutual jealousy which characterized the mediæval struggles of neighbouring Italian cities has tended to lock them in a closer grasp as recognised and reconciled kindred. Italy has long been a nation, though the assertion of her unity as such was required for the purpose of making her truly independent and free. The ambition of the modern Greek to constitute a nationality rests less upon any wish for independence or freedom, any common tie or interest, any concentrative coherence or feeling of union, than upon the vague hope of grasping the sceptre of the East if it falls from a hand a little more feeble and a little more barbarous than his own. The centre of the aspirations of that nationality is not Athens, but Byzantium. It is to that idea, and not to a mere fraternal union with their neighbours of the present Greek kingdom, that the demagogues of the Ionian Islands wish to pronounce so repeatedly their pointed adhesion. The comparison of Greece and Turkey in Mr. SENIOR's journals may show how slight a comparative superiority in moral or material civilization has been reached by King ORHO's subjects in thirty years. However little the Ionians have allowed us to do for them, they are many degrees in advance of the Greeks of the mainland. A time may arrive when the now half-desolate, corrupt, lawless, and inanimate land of Greece shall have formed itself into a strong, self-dependent, and living nucleus of national power and freedom, to which the Ionians and their fortresses may safely be trusted; but there is no sign of such an era being at hand. Until that time does arrive, our duty to ourselves and to the Ionians enforces upon us the maintenance of that trust of which the conditions are in no way materially altered since we first accepted it. In pursuance of that trust, we are bound to protect the Ionians, as guardians do the children under their lawful charge, even against themselves.

THE REPORT OF THE NAVY COMMISSION.

THE last doubt (if any doubt yet remained) as to the necessity of remodelling the Admiralty, and as to the direction which the reform should take, has been dispelled by the Report of the Commission appointed last August to inquire into the control and management of her Majesty's naval yards. The judgment pronounced may be summed up in a line. There is no control, and abundant mismanagement. No one ever knows beforehand what is likely to be spent on any specified work; and the accounts, which are kept by the aid of a costly and elaborate staff, are so utterly worthless, that the Commissioners give up in despair the attempt to ascertain how much has been expended on any particular branch of the service. The causes of all this inefficiency are stated with cruel simplicity. The root of the whole mischief is declared to be the constitution of the Board of Admiralty, with its natural consequences—defective organization in subordinate departments, want of definite responsibility, and the total absence of trustworthy accounts.

With such a document as this report in existence, it may be thought almost superfluous to commence a fresh investigation into the same matters by a Parliamentary Committee. The excuse urged over and over again for allowing Sir BALDWIN WALKER to take to precipitate flight has been that his evidence before the Commission is amply sufficient to decide the great question of Admiralty reform. We are bound to say that in a certain sense this is perfectly true; but the argument proves a vast deal too much. Sir BALDWIN WALKER is, as might have been expected, by far the most important witness called before the Commission, as he would be the most important witness whom the Committee could summon. If his evidence is to have its weight, and if the conclusions at which the Commissioners have arrived are to be acted on, it must be admitted, not only that the late Controller is not wanted again, but that any further investigation is utterly uncalled for. The time for action has fully arrived, and if Admiral DUNCOMBE's Committee pursues its inquiry, it will be merely giving the Admiralty a new trial after an unquestionable verdict against them. An appeal from a Commission which has had the most complete evidence before it, to a Committee which is to be deprived of the assistance of the principal witness, is of course an absurdity, and every argument which is pressed as an excuse for letting the Admiral run away is a still more cogent reason for accepting as conclusive the condemnatory report which has just been launched against the Board of Admiralty.

It is satisfactory to find that Sir BALDWIN WALKER is, almost in spite of himself, the most determined of all naval reformers. He condemns the whole system with the most absolute condemnation. He puts in the plainest and most straightforward language the opinion which is now almost universal as to the working of the existing machinery. "I am opposed to Boards. Nobody is responsible at a Board. My idea is that the head of every department ought to be responsible, and have the power of carrying out the work entrusted to him." Nothing can be sounder than this; and the same view was taken by almost every witness who was examined. Sir JAMES GRAHAM says that the Board of Admiralty can only work by the First Lord exercising power to such an extent as really to render the Board subordinate to his will—that, in fact, a Board only works well when the head of it makes it as unlike a Board as possible. The remedy which the Report suggests is identical in principle, and to a great extent in detail also, with the programme sketched by Sir J. ELPHINSTONE. There may, indeed, be minor variations, but it is now settled by common consent that the organization of the Admiralty should be settled, as the Commissioners propose, on the following basis:—A Naval Minister, responsible for the control and management of the dockyards; a Controller-General, subject to the Minister, with the power of selecting his own staff of superintendents, who, again, should select the officers under their command. Thus, at each stage, a single responsible officer will be found who will have to answer for all that is done under his direction. A similar machinery is proposed to be applied to the Accountant-General's department, so as to concentrate on him, and through him on the Minister who appoints or retains him in office, the full responsibility for all matters of account. These changes, together with a strict system of preliminary estimates and subsequent account and audit, which the Commissioners also recommend, will place the Navy Department on such a footing as will satisfy the keenest reformer, and put an end to the monstrous confusion, uncertainty, and inefficiency which the past working of the Admiralty system discloses.

It is quite impossible for any one, without reading the voluminous evidence which the Blue-book contains, to form the faintest conception of the entire disorganization, or rather absence of organization, of the whole machinery for the management of the dockyards. The state of the accounts, as it is in great measure the cause, will, at the same time, afford the best illustration of the whole system, if system it can be called. Every one knows that the Board of Admiralty takes the votes for the construction and repair of ships in round sums of several millions, without giving the smallest explanation of what the money is likely to do, why the amount asked for is not twice as great, or why it might not just as well be cut down by a third, or a half. It has been imagined that this was a politic device to keep Parliament and the country in ignorance. It is nothing of the kind. The Lords of the Admiralty do not specify the details of their proposed expenditure because they are just as much in the dark as any one else in the country. It is exactly the same with past

expenditure. The Board which has the spending of more than 12,000,000*l.* a year knows no more than we do what becomes of the money, or what value is obtained in return for it. Is it true, as the Report tells us, that there is an elaborate and minute system of accounts; but until a stir was made about the cost of the navy, a year or two ago, no one ever thought of looking at the accounts for the purpose of deriving any general conclusion from them, and when at last the officials did take the trouble to examine them, they were found so confused and contradictory, and so full of errors, as to be literally worthless.

A single fact which has been elicited is as good as a volume. The accounts of the expenditure on each ship have been of late years made up both monthly and annually. One of these sets of accounts found (or rather used to find) its way to the Accountant-General, and the other to the Controller. Each of these departments was recently asked to furnish a summary of the expenditure on ships for a particular year, and the totals returned differed by fourteen per cent. A great part of this discrepancy was caused by different principles of account being adopted in the two cases—many particulars which the Controller put down to "General Expenditure" (the "sundries" of his account) being charged by the Accountant against the different ships built and maintained. But even after allowing for this, the discrepancies are almost unintelligible, and the theory of Sir BALDWIN WALKER is that the monthly accounts do not agree at all with the annual summaries drawn from the same sources and prepared by the same hands. This, indeed, has been proved by a recent investigation at Woolwich, which has disclosed an immense number of errors in the accounts. Charges belonging to one ship are carried to another. Some items are inserted twice; others are omitted altogether; and it is suggested as probable that the startling discovery made by a late Committee that the cost of sister ships often varied as much as fifty per cent. is all a delusion, because a difference of this amount shown in the dockyard accounts does not really prove any difference at all in the actual expenditure. It may all be within the limits of error to be expected in dockyard figures; and if no one had ever interfered with the good old practice of binding up the accounts and putting them on the shelf without looking at them, the public mind need not have been disturbed by supposed discoveries which rest on a basis so untrustworthy as the accounts of the Navy Department. Sir BALDWIN WALKER does not pretend to scrutinize very minutely the accounts sent in to his office. He evidently rates them at their true value; but his plan for obviating such unpleasant discrepancies as have turned up between his figures and those of Sir R. BROMLEY is more naïve than satisfactory. He is somewhat indignant that any accounts should have got into the hands of the Accountant-General, and thinks it was rather an invasion of his rights. It was entirely in consequence of getting the same return from two offices that the figures clashed so inconveniently, and a simple way of preventing this in future is to suppress one of the conflicting accounts, and accept the other as conclusive, or for what it may be worth. The Commissioners, on the other hand, propose to organize, under the Accountant-General, a complete double-entry system, by which some trustworthy information will be given—a method which will probably commend itself to most men of business. At present, however, they say that in the very unsatisfactory condition of the accounts they must abstain from expressing any opinion as to the cost of dockyard operations based upon data furnished by such accounts. When the books are got into order it will be quite practicable to control the expenses, and it is proposed that a detailed programme and estimate shall accompany the annual votes, and that an exact account shall be furnished to Parliament at the close of each year of the way in which the last year's votes have been expended.

What need, we would ask, is there for further evidence? Let the Commons' Committee sit by all means, if it pleases, and confirm, with the crumbs and shreds of evidence that may be thrown to it, the ample conclusions of the Commission. But the case is proved against the Admiralty, and there is no reason why the work of reconstruction should not commence at once. If this is not done, reformers will need to be watchful lest the Committee which has been conceded should prove nothing better than an instrument of delay in the hands of a department which has all the tenacity of life that belongs to existences of a low order of organization.

THE TWO AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

THERE are some interesting points of contrast between the Constitution just adopted by the confederacy of seceding American States and that older and more famous instrument which still survives for some purposes in the North. For the more explicit recognition of Slavery which the new Constitution presents, everybody must have been prepared; but there are some minor departures from the type which are curious as indicating a dissatisfaction with the institutions bequeathed by the Fathers of the Republic which must have been growing up in the minds of the thoughtful under the surface of the annually renewed flood of indiscriminate Fourth of July praise. It must not be supposed that the new articles of Federation are the work of men unprovided with political wisdom. Whatever intellectual ascendancy the Northern States may have claimed, they have rarely denied the superiority of the men of the South in statesmanship and political knowledge. Indeed, this very superiority is constantly assigned as the cause of the undue share of attention which Southern interests are alleged to have engrossed until now. The Convention at Milledgeville seems to be entirely guided by the best political heads in America, for the poorer white democracy of the South, as soon as it had forced secession on its natural leaders, seems to have pretty nearly withdrawn from active interference—conscious, no doubt, of the greatness of the emergency and of its own unfitness to deal with it. It is impossible to deny that the affairs of the secessionists have, up to the present time, been excellently managed, and while confusion still reigns at Washington, not a point seems to have been missed at the head-quarters of the seceders.

The first material change consists in making the President eligible for six years instead of four. It is well known that the framers of the old Constitution did not intend the Presidency to be vacated at intervals so irrationally short as every fourth year; but the violence of JOHN ADAMS, the second President, or, as his advocates allege, the avidity of the Democratic party for the enjoyment of power, caused the arrangement to be broken almost as soon as it had begun to be tried; and though the influence of the Democrats has repeatedly secured an eight years' tenure of office for their Presidents, the practice of the United States was rapidly settling down to a four years' incumbency. The term of six years, fixed upon by the Southern Convention, is evidently a mean between the period intended by the spirit and that allowed by the letter of the old Constitution. Another very great improvement is the admission of "officers of the Executive," that is of the President's Ministers, into Congress for the purpose of joining in debate. We remember when the discarded provision of the elder Constitution was in especial favour with the Manchester gentlemen in this country. Impatient of every influence which obstructed their ascendancy, they seemed to hate the Treasury Bench almost as much as they did the Press, and used repeatedly to declare that Ministers exercised a dangerous authority over the decisions of the Legislature. Some of the best-trained leaders of party in America now show their conviction that the exclusion of the Ministers from Congress has worked execrably. The result has been distinctly to diminish the power of the Legislature. The PRESIDENT's Cabinet got into the habit of going its own way and taking its chance of the disapproval of the Representative body, while the Legislature was constantly debating entirely beside the purpose for want of information which a Minister in his place would have supplied in a few moments.

A still more beneficial and more imperatively demanded innovation than either of these consists in a provision directed against those wholesale dismissals of minor office-holders which are the disgrace of American political life. For this abuse the old Constitution was not responsible. It was introduced by President JACKSON—a parentage which perhaps explains its abolition by the seceders, since General JACKSON's name, now chiefly famous for his vigorous resistance to the earlier secessionist movement of South Carolina, is naturally not much in honour at present in the South. This "decapitation," as the Americans call it, of between ten and twenty thousand postmasters and tide-waiters, was always of doubtful legality, but the example was of that kind which, once set, must necessarily be followed, and in fact President LINCOLN's Cabinet in the North seems to be just now chiefly busy with carrying out the operation. In the new Southern Constitution, the President will have the power of

displacing foreign Ministers and the higher officers of State at pleasure—a power without which executive government would be impossible; but he is only to be permitted to remove the lower office-holders for actual misconduct, and "for cause stated." The necessity of formally stating the reason of dismissal before a servant of the Government can be legally deprived of office is found in all countries to be an ample security against capricious or factious dispossession. While, too, the Convention at Milledgeville has taken away from the President the means of rewarding partisanship by gratifying cupidity, it has done something to place similar temptations out of the way of the Legislature. A very significant clause enacts that no contractor or purveyor shall be paid anything more than the amount which he is entitled to under his contract. This is levelled against the unwholesome practice of voting amounts of money to former Government contractors, on the plea that they had sustained heavy losses in their dealings with the State. The pretext is obviously one which can easily be made to veil a downright gratuitous vote of money to an active member of the faction which happens to have the majority.

As every single scheme of compromise which comes before the Congress at Washington involves some change in the Constitution of the United States, it seems surprising that the opportunity is not taken of introducing similar amendments. But the North has not the advantages which the South enjoys through having a *tabula rasa* to write upon. The Republicans are entangled in the abuses which, out of office, they have energetically condemned. It is said that never was the contest for small places keener—never were partisans noisier in their requests and their threats—never was a larger "decapitation" of existing officials imminent. It is one misfortune added to the many which have recently befallen the United States, that, if they conquer the South, they bring it under a Constitution worse, in several respects, than its own; while, if they allow it to form a separate Confederation, they risk a comparison of their own institutions with institutions which, except in one objectionable particular, they will probably have reason rather to envy than to despise.

THE INDIAN CURRENCY BILL.

MR. LAING'S first act in India has been to correct the one serious blunder into which his predecessor had fallen. The introduction of a paper currency secured by the same guarantees which we have in England for the convertibility of the Bank note, and for insuring the ebb and flow of paper-money in exact accordance with the natural laws which regulate the exports and imports of bullion, is admitted on all hands to be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred on India. Mr. WILSON's elaborate scheme, it will be remembered, departed in its essential principle from the English model which it professed to follow. Instead of requiring, as the Bank Charter Act does, that all notes beyond a certain fixed amount shall be issued only against bullion, Mr. WILSON had proposed that a fluctuating amount—namely, one-third of the whole—might be issued without any metallic basis. The difference between the two plans is nothing less than this. The one is automatic, and suffers the increase or decrease of the paper circulation to regulate itself according to the flow of the precious metals. The other plan leaves the amount of paper money absolutely at the caprice of the Government. It is true that a rule was to be laid down that not more than one third of the issue should be unsecured by bullion. But this law, instead of infallibly working itself as the other does, may at any time become absolutely impracticable. During a drain of bullion, for instance, the Government might have a million of notes presented in exchange for the same amount of bullion. If the previous issue of notes were at its full legal amount, the loss of this million of silver would render it imperative on the Government, if they meant to obey the law, to reduce the whole note circulation by a million and a half—that is to say, to sell half a million of Government securities in order to obtain the means of buying up the notes which would be afloat in excess of the legal proportion. It might not only be impolitic, but absolutely impossible, to do this in the midst of a crisis, and the consequence would inevitably be that the law could not, and would not, be obeyed. This project was instantly condemned by Sir CHARLES WOOD, and has been replaced by a scheme based strictly on the now established doctrines of PEARL'S Act.

So far there is room for nothing but congratulation; but we are not sure that Mr. LAING has shown equal judgment in the minor alterations which he has introduced into the Bill. A much larger discretion as to details is proposed to be given to the Executive; but the Act, as it now stands, betrays a timorous desire to cramp the new experiment which will very possibly render it abortive, and may even aggravate the very dangers of which Mr. LAING seems to be needlessly apprehensive. Mr. WILSON's plan was to form a system of circles throughout the country for the purposes of issuing and cashing their own notes, it being reasonably thought that a bank-note which could only be converted at Calcutta, or at one of the Presidency towns, might not command general confidence, while to offer to cash all notes at every branch office throughout the country would require an establishment of local treasuries with hoards as large as those which it is the object of the measure in a great degree to dispense with. Another reason for this arrangement was the desire to create as speedily as possible the habit of using a paper currency, which it was not likely that the existing banks would do with the scanty agencies which they could be expected to establish. Mr. LAING has made alterations, which are not improvements, both in the extent of the measure and in the machinery to be employed. The agency of the Banks is to be used, and the minimum denomination of note is raised to twenty rupees, which last change must considerably diminish the quantity of notes which can be got into circulation within a reasonable time. This indeed seems to be Mr. LAING's object—his idea being, in the first instance, merely to replace by Government notes the issues of the chartered Banks, and "gradually to creep up to the limit of 4,000,000*l.*" The effect of a measure so restricted will be quite inappreciable except as laying a foundation for more energetic action at a future time. The people of India will become no more habituated to a note circulation than they are at present, and almost the only change will be in the form of the paper which already circulates among a certain class. A groundless fear seems to be entertained lest a large emission of notes should be received with distrust, but so long as the unsecured proportion does not exceed the prescribed amount, the circulation becomes safer and safer as it grows in amount. With 5,000,000*l.* notes held (as a small issue is certain to be held) by a limited class, and backed up with a reserve of no more than 1,000,000*l.* of bullion, it is quite possible that a run might take place which would reduce the amount that would float below the 4,000,000*l.* allowed as the margin. But if the ordinary circulation were ten or twenty millions, it would be a moral impossibility for it ever to be brought down to the limit of danger, and the convertibility of the note would always be insured.

In order that any reasoning from our own experience may apply to the case of India, it is essential that the paper circulation to be introduced should be the staple currency of the country, and not a mere insignificant adjunct employed only by a narrow class. The false caution which so limits the issue destroys the foundation on which the whole system rests. The only reason why it is safe in England to leave 14,000,000*l.* of notes without any equivalent in bullion to secure them, is that the confirmed habits of the people are such as to render it incredible that the paper circulation should ever fall below that amount. Until such a habit exists, there is no real safety except by keeping a store of bullion equal to the entire amount of notes in circulation. We believe that the safest and most effective course to pursue in India would be to issue, in the first instance, only against bullion—to push the notes out as fast as possible by establishing agencies throughout the country—and only to diminish the reserve of bullion as far as experience might warrant, after the habit of using a paper currency had become thoroughly naturalized throughout the country. When that had been done, the maximum fixed issue might probably be put at a much higher sum than the 4,000,000*l.* which Mr. LAING suggests, while the intermediate risk during the transition period would be entirely obviated by foregoing any attempt to realize a profit to the Government until the scheme had consolidated itself. This policy would be in some respects the very opposite of Mr. LAING's, who will probably find in the course of a year or two that he has frittered away what might have been a great public measure, until it has become scarcely worth the efforts which have been made to bring it to bear. We have no objection to caution in matters of so delicate a kind as those which relate to the basis of the currency, and, indeed, we should prefer even greater caution than Mr. LAING has

shown, in fixing the amount of notes to be issued in the first instance without bullion to back them. But there can be no lack of caution in issuing any quantity of paper which is represented by actual coin. The substitution of the one for the other is a mere matter of convenience, and the measure of that convenience will be given by the extent of the area over which the notes will circulate. A note with a local or class circulation only is a troublesome kind of money to carry about, however safe it may be; but notes which were familiarly known and freely taken all over India would at once be preferred to bulky coin, so that it might be easier to get out 10,000,000*l.* than to set half that amount afloat. The difficulty, in fact, of establishing a new kind of currency is nearly in the inverse ratio of the magnitude of the experiment, and while a large issue, if fully secured, might perhaps become popular in a month, a small one might linger for years without expanding beyond the narrow limits already occupied by the Presidency Banks. These considerations appear to have been overlooked by Mr. LAING, and the best that can be said for his measure is, that it does not stand in the way of something better at a future time.

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE COUNTRY.

THERE is nothing on which Englishmen pride themselves more than their common sense; and they are quite right in doing so. But common sense operates in many ways besides the apparent and ordinary mode of a guarded judgment, a turn for the practical, and a sense of what can be done and what cannot. There is an inner region of common sense—there are a set of persons who show this quality of mind in some of its best aspects, and who are yet almost omitted even by common sense people in considering the opinion of the country. We find that no set of opinions, no popular fashion, no current of the public judgment, goes so far as might be expected. The quiet unobtrusive criticism of these dwellers in the more hidden region of common sense rears itself up as a wall against which the advancing tide beats in vain. A great controversy on some religious or political question arises. Bishops or statesmen meet and issue their edicts. The press gets furious. Meetings are held. All kinds of the most fearful denunciations are poured forth on the heads of all who do not do as the fashion of the hour dictates. Apparently there is no resistance; but close observers easily perceive that the movement finds its limit, that it makes no way beyond the region of publicity and declamation. As it is said, a reaction sets in. Something has evidently stopped the stream, and it begins to turn and flow the other way. The secret is that quiet people have begun, very quietly and safely, but in a determined manner, to exercise their judgment. They look at the facts of the case, at the merits of the accused and the accusers. Patiently, and almost languidly, they turn the matter over till they get at what seems fair to both sides. Then they make up their minds, but scarcely express any opinion. Only the popular clamour falls dead on their insensible ears. They show that they are not to be treated as if they were part of the mob, and that, although they may not disagree with what their neighbours are doing and saying, they still less can be said to agree. They damp the fire that is raging around them, and the flames begin to get less as they play in vain on substances so impervious to heat. This action of very quiet, inert, fair-minded people appears to us one of the most remarkable and most admirable features of English life; and it is doubtless the foundation of many of the most characteristic excellences both of the political and social fabric in this country.

To it may distinctly be traced that spirit of compromise, and that turn for accommodating the pretensions of rival claimants and combining conflicting theories, which has so powerful an effect in making free government possible. It also may probably be allowed the credit of supporting much of the salutary eccentricity which distinguishes Englishmen. Sometimes this eccentricity is mere vanity. Although vanity is not a very conspicuous trait in the national character, there are plenty of vain people; and one of the cheapest and easiest forms of vanity is that of doing odd things to make people stare. The majority of eccentric Englishmen, however, are not vain. They are merely people who do as they like; and it is because they do as they like, because they follow their own tastes and speak their own minds honestly, that they do a general good to society. This independence is closely akin to the independence of the quiet critics. The mental habit which makes a man roam over the world, dressing as he pleases, doing as he likes, and astonishing the natives, is very nearly the same as that which impels the dwellers in the inner region of common sense to think as they please, and to oppose their independent judgment to that of their friends and acquaintance. And it may be remarked that they do the thing they do in the way they please, just as the eccentric man does. There is nothing very grand or heroic in their conduct. They are as far from the spirit of martyrdom as possible. The eccentric man might do much the same things as he does, and might do them with a great object, and to serve a definite purpose. John Howard, for example, went all over Europe, did a great many unpleasant things, made a great many officials very angry, and was probably thought a prodigious fool

by most of his Continental critics. There was little to distinguish him to the outward eye of a *gendarme* from the usual English traveller, who is the born plague and aversion of all well got-up police officers from Calais to Constantinople. Really, however, there was a great difference; there was all the difference that separates the man with a high purpose from the man without one. The quiet people, who act as buffers to the machine of society, are very distinguishable from and very inferior to the real lovers of truth—men who burn to know what is right and to repeat it to the world. Perhaps the great extent to which quiet common sense prevails in England may even be adverse to the real martyrlike devotion to truth. For it is fair and honest enough to satisfy the consciences of excellent people, and it unites the enjoyment of all the comforts of life, and a freedom from the annoyances incident to an open defiance of popular opinion, with a secret sense of being really on the right side. This is not enough for a heroic character, but it is so good, when measured by the standard of human imperfections, that its shortcomings may almost be passed over.

Ordinary common sense is by no means incompatible with fits of enthusiasm, and a display of at least momentary feeling. The English nation as a whole is a common sense nation, but it is not only capable of deep emotion—it delights in yielding to the impulse of some passing current of thought, and of getting up a popular excitement. Common sense people of an ordinary stamp are apt to be of an imitative turn of mind. What one does another does; and if the bell-wether goes over a gap all the rest of the silly sheep go after him. If a nation had not this faculty of getting up a genuine popular feeling on the questions of the day, it is hard to see how it could act with vigour and spirit on great occasions. But the quiet critics stand aloof, or nearly aloof, from the current of popular feeling, even when it is directed in a desirable channel. We do not at all mean that they are to be commended for this. They do not do it in order to be commended, but because it is natural to them to hesitate and examine; and they do not allow themselves to be carried away by one thing more than by another. For example, during the Crimean war, military heroism was in fashion, and the hatred of tyranny and of despotic powers was triumphant. If feelings of this sort had not been excited and felt with perfect sincerity, it is hard to see how the war could have been carried on by a free nation, or how anything like justice could have been done to those who were actors in the scenes of actual conflict. The quiet people, however, had something to say, or, if they did not say it, to suggest, by faint hints, and even by their silence. They intimated that there was something demoralizing as well as elevating in the thirst for war, and that it was only morbid inconsiderate heroes, like Maud's lover, who could believe that they would purge their own souls or cure grocers of giving short weight by digging trenches at Sebastopol. They had also misgivings as to the effects of the war, and hinted that if one despotism was being pulled down, another, and one more formidable to England, was being set up. To ask whether they were right is to ask a question with which at present we have nothing to do. But there can be no doubt that they were useful. They moderated the popular feeling, and all popular feeling requires to be moderated. Sometimes, when the popular feeling is the fruit of a delusion, and we can distinctly say that public opinion is wrong, and that it is guided by noisy, violent men who do not know anything about the subjects on which they are most voluble, it seems a great and obvious gain that these quiet dampers should put their extinguisher on what we are sure is an evil. But when the popular feeling is one that on the whole we approve of, then these same people appear rather cold, stupid, and unimpressible. We must take them as they are, and accept their lean with their fat. Even when they do chill our finer emotions, we may be very glad to have them. They help to keep us right, and if they annoy us we can always give ourselves the pleasure of despising them and calling them names.

There are thus two sides of the common sense of the country, and the distinction between them accounts for some of the most remarkable manifestations of the general character of the English people. The Puritans were as excellent a type of the common sense that is combined with enthusiasm as could be found; and the Scotch, among whom the Puritan spirit has so largely prevailed, have exhibited, quite as much as the English, or even more, the combination of shrewdness and practical ability with a liability to be carried away by gusts of strong emotion. Lord Macaulay has drawn a vivid picture of the strangest of all the instances in which this combination revealed itself. The Darien Expedition was the most quixotic, the least defensible thing ever done by a hard-headed silver-loving people. The whole nation went mad, and would listen to no reason and examine no statements. The lives of many Scotchmen are also full of passages which show how much deep feeling has lain almost concealed beneath the reserved exterior and cannie manner that education and habit have made common. The popular religion of Scotland is also tinged with this mixture. It is earnest, it is adverse to forms and all display of the imagination, it is prosaic and commonplace; but it is also fervid, eager, and militant. The curious and unexpected shapes which common sense can assume are strikingly illustrated by the marvellous degree to which the Scotch are priest-ridden. That the shrewdest and most practical of Protestant nations should also be one of the most abjectly subservient to an uneducated clergy is a circumstance on which it is

impossible to ponder too much. This one fact would sufficiently show that both enthusiasm and imitativeness can go hand in hand with that practical caution and sharpness which at first seems so irreconcilable with them. No superior nation can bow down at the dictation of its clergy which does not unite a deep and natural sense of the awfulness of life with a passive and almost fatalistic readiness to accept the opinions that fashion and tradition may recommend. The enthusiasm of the Scotch is also visible in the taste for grandiloquence which prevails among them even in quarters where we should not have looked for it. The ardour and admiration which is awakened in Scotchmen by what we in England should think moony declamation is inconceivable. It is quite different from the taste for fine language that prevails in America. There the speaker or writer uses the biggest words and the most laboured circumlocutions he can invent, merely to raise himself in general estimation. It gives him personally a little lift to speak of spades by a dissyllabic name. In Scotland the lovers of grandiloquence are far above this. They really think it and feel it to be poetical. They have feelings awakened by it which they like to feel glow within them. They seem to have a sense of delight in hothouse English just as a frost-bitten plant has when removed to warmer air. And yet they never throw away their common sense. They have always a practical meaning in what they say, and form as shrewd a judgment in action as any men in the world.

There is, however, an inner region of common sense in Scotland as in every other country where common sense widely prevails. There are Scotchmen who stand aloof from the popular current of opinion, and have little of the national enthusiasm in religion or in style—men who do not in any way set themselves to combat the errors or to oppose the opinions of those around them, but who, in an unpretending and secret way, call the conclusions of enthusiastic common sense to the severer standard of a common sense that is not enthusiastic. As we have said on other occasions, these Scotchmen, akin to their nation and imbued with its feelings, but yet in some measure apart, and able to survey themselves and their countrymen and mankind with a modest and genial humour, are about as good specimens of men as are to be found on earth. They have certainly played a very useful part in the history of their country, which, on more than one occasion, has only been saved from a deluge of the coarsest fanaticism by the quiet resistance of those who, without appearing to be judges, can express a judgment even on fanaticism, and make their judgment respected. That they and those who resemble them in other countries are never really independent of the more excitable people around them, and feel a quickening impulse which stirs them in the midst of their most cautious protests, may be as true as that a nation can spare neither one set nor the other. But these quiet unobtrusive judges are the flower of the flock, and minister to the national welfare in a more subtle and perfect way. Nothing is more delightful than to observe the waves of popular fury and ignorance beating idly on the solid sense of a nation, and then gradually receding in impotence; and when this happens before our eyes, we may gratefully remember to whom it is due.

THE REPORT OF THE EDUCATION COMMISSION.

THE Report of the Education Commission, which is now before us, is a bulky volume, ranging over the whole subject of elementary education for the poorer classes, including paupers, vagrants, and criminals, and extending to the Endowed Schools and other Charities which are, or might be, applied to education. The last part contains a great mass of educational statistics, comprising, virtually, a complete educational census. For the purpose of obtaining this information the machinery of the State and of the great Educational Societies was placed at the command of the Commission, while their more minute inquiries into the state of popular education were conducted through ten Assistant-Commissioners, who visited ten specimen districts—agricultural, metropolitan, maritime, mining, and manufacturing. To the facts thus collected—the amount of education—its quality in the different classes of schools—the causes which limit the attendance of the poor at school, and the means proposed for counteracting them—the manner in which the schools are supported, and the part which the landowners, clergy, and other classes respectively bear of that burden—the character and efficiency of the elementary teachers and the state of the Training Colleges—the respective merits of the different classes of schools, inspected and uninspected—the state of the workhouse schools—and the other matters contained in this huge and somewhat cumbrous repertory, we may hereafter revert. The first object of interest to the public will be the measures which the Commission have to recommend. Thus much, however, we may say at once—that the case to be dealt with is not a desperate one, nor one which calls for any extraordinary remedies. Looking to the numbers of children in the schools, the state of popular education in England and Wales is, in the opinion of the Commissioners, “nearly as high as can be reasonably expected,” being above the level of France and Holland, though nominally below that of Prussia, where education is compulsory. The progress since the beginning of the century has been “surprisingly rapid.” A large abatement, however, is to be made from the mere numerical estimate of education on

account of the irregularity of attendance and the badness of many of the teachers and schools.

The Government began to take part in popular education in 1832, and it has gradually extended its operations, till, besides giving assistance towards the building of schools, and almost entirely maintaining the Training Colleges for teachers, it assists annually about 7000 schools, containing probably about 930,000 scholars, and spends, in its various grants, about 800,000*l.* a year—a sum which is now annually increasing at the rate of 100,000*l.* This system, vast as its dimensions now are, was never intended by its authors to be extended to the whole nation; nor was it destined to be permanent. It was destined, as Lord John Russell expressly stated, to introduce a good type of education, and to lead the way to the institution of a national system. What that system was to be remains a secret in the breast of Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, the real author and director of the whole experiment. Probably it was to be some kind of general rating system, under strong central control. The various proposals for rating systems have, however, been utterly wrecked, principally on account of their tendency to interfere with the religious character and the independent management of the schools. Both the religious character and the independent management of the schools are respected by the present system of assistance; indeed, they may be considered as its leading principles. It has consequently survived all attempts to supersede it, and is rendering such attempts every day more impossible by fixing more deeply in the national mind, and more completely identifying with all educational arrangements, the principles upon which it is founded. That which was projected as an experimental and tentative measure only is thus tending to become the system. But as a system, it has great defects. It assists, as we have seen, 7000 schools; but it leaves unassisted, unimproved, and uninspected, nearly 16,000 denominational schools; while the private schools, containing more than half-a-million of children, are entirely passed over. The assistance is offered on such conditions that the poorer districts, which want the aid most, cannot avail themselves of it; nor is there any immediate prospect of their being able to do so. It is commonly said that the system "helps those who help themselves." But this, the Commissioners observe, is a fallacy, since the poor cannot help themselves in the districts where the rich will not help them. To make exceptions in favour of special cases of need is quite out of the power of Government, which cannot grant a favour to one claimant without granting it to all, and which, in making special allowances to the district the poor of which are most in need, would in fact be giving a premium to the illiberality or apathy of the landlords in those districts. Another grave objection to the present system is that, though the inspected schools are far superior to the uninspected, inspection fails to secure the grand object of sound elementary instruction. The elder scholars are somewhat ambitiously educated, but the younger scholars are not thoroughly grounded in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and as a large proportion of the scholars leave at an early age, the consequence is, "that there is overwhelming evidence from her Majesty's Inspectors to the effect that not more than one-fourth of the children receive a good education." The examination made by the inspectors into the most elementary part of the instruction is not sufficiently searching, and the master or mistress has no sufficient motive to undergo the drudgery which such instruction involves. The administrative complication of the system appears also to be growing excessive, the Privy Council Office having to correspond separately with each of the 7000 schools. The evidence of Mr. Lingen and Mr. Chester, who have been the chief administrators for some years past, is very strong on this head, and plainly shows that the Office is being reduced, by the overwhelming mass of details, from a superior and controlling intelligence to a mere machine, governed by precedent and routine. Excessive centralization, attended by undue rigidity and by diminution of local interest in popular education, is another alleged defect. Finally, there is the great pressure on the central revenue, to which Chancellors of the Exchequer are beginning to demur. According to the estimate of the Commission, the present system, if extended to the whole country, would cost upwards of two millions a-year. Dr. Temple, who is thoroughly acquainted with it, and is much opposed to its continuance, states that its tendency is, by constant relaxations of its conditions, to attain the enormous sum of five millions.

What then is to be done? A minority of the Commission, opponents of Government interference in education, say, "Pull up, develop your existing resources, the endowed schools and the charities; give further facilities for the foundation of schools for the poor by private benevolence; improve your workhouse schools and your reformatories, and gradually withdraw all grants but the building grant to which Government assistance was originally limited." But the majority, believing Government interference to be wise and necessary, propose a scheme in which the minority acquiesce in the second resort, for extending the present system of assistance to the whole country, and remedying its defects without abandoning its fundamental principles—the religious character and independent management of the schools. The plan is to institute, besides the Central Office, county and borough Boards of Education; and to make two grants, one from the general revenue, the other from the county or borough rate. The grant from the general revenue is to be extended to every school

under a certificated teacher which shall comply with certain sanitary conditions, on a scale varying according to the opinion formed of its character and efficiency by a Government Inspector. An addition to the grant is to be made for pupil-teachers, so that those approved instruments of education may not be discontinued. The grant from the county or borough rate is to be given for every child in any school applying for it, who passes an examination before an examiner appointed by the county or borough board, in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This, it is hoped by the framers of the plan, will tend to make teachers pay the requisite attention to the elementary subjects. The administration will be somewhat simplified by giving up the system of appropriating the grant to different specific objects connected with the schools, and reducing it in effect to the general form of two capitation grants. The estimated ultimate expense of this plan is, from the general taxation, 630,000*l.*, and from the local taxation 428,000*l.* The Commission are unanimously of opinion that vigorous measures should be taken, while calling on the taxpayer for this heavy expenditure, to turn the educational charities to the best account, and to apply to the purpose of education all charities which can fairly be so applied; and they propose to vest in the Privy Council sufficient powers for carrying the object into effect.

Our present purpose is merely to state, in their general outline, the recommendations of the Commission—not to discuss them. There is one thing, however, of which the results of this inquiry now laid before the public, convince us, and we trust will convince the nation. The time has arrived when the question of the relation of the State to education must be fairly faced and finally decided. Hitherto, in this, as in many other matters, we have been simply "drifting." A measure of assistance to popular education, commenced on a small scale, and as a mere experiment, has attained a colossal magnitude without anybody's knowing or inquiring whither it was tending. One ephemeral Government after another has shifted upon its successor the burden of final decision. Meantime, while everybody was sleeping, the mustard seed has grown into a tree, with a multitude of officials, like the fowls of heaven, making their nests upon its branches. Does the nation mean to make education a function of the State, or does it mean to leave it to individual responsibility and social duty? If education is to be made a function of the State, in what way is that function to be discharged? These are questions on which, now that the expenses of the provisional scheme are rapidly approaching a million, it is necessary at length to come to a determination. Not only do waste and injustice arise from interminable vacillation, but the protracted suspense prevents vigorous action on either principle. There is much to be said for making education a function of the State—there is much to be said for leaving it to parental and social duty; but there is nothing to be said for sitting in perpetuity between the two stools, and keeping both the motive powers which might educate the nation in a state of languor by fairly taking up with neither.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

UP to this time the course of the Session has been very unobtrusive. Party spirit is still hibernating, and has not yet recovered from its torpor. The Opposition has as yet shown no life at all; and the only signs of vitality in the Government have been some spasmodic movements in the lower extremities, and considerable irritability about the head. The Attorney-General has pushed the Bankruptcy Bill through some of its stages, according to his usual habit at this season of the year; and Lord Palmerston has snubbed half a dozen of his supporters. But, beyond these slender evidences of animation, the existence of a Government has only been betrayed by inert acquiescence or passive resistance. The energies of the whole House have been equally torpid. As a legislative body, it has accomplished, or nearly accomplished, several of the legal reforms about which there was no real conflict, but which have hitherto been stifled by the uncontrollable zeal of their supporters. It required a period of depressed spirits and debilitated tongues to enable such measures to run the gauntlet of the lawyers' approving speeches. As a consultative body, the House has appointed a cloud of committees, whose labours will be more beneficial to the Parliamentary printer than to anybody else—has achieved the arduous task of refuting Sir George Bowyer's encomiums upon the Pope—and has failed to put salt upon Sir Baldwin Walker's tail. No one can complain that the Parliamentary atmosphere is not calm, or that any political troubles are likely to be bred by the undue activity of the House of Commons.

Yet there are ominous signs that the Palmerston dictatorship is drawing to its close. No external enemy threatens its repose. Mr. Bright's hostility can only give it strength; and from no other quarter is there a breath of antagonism. The Conservatives seem anxious to consolidate their own ranks, and to be assured of a majority before they make another experiment upon office. The Whigs are of course contented; the formidable old Irish Brigade has dwindled to the solitary, though imposing, personality of Mr. Vincent Scully; and the ordinary Radicals are too much afraid of Reform developing from a cry into a fact to wish to upset the Government. If the dictatorship is in danger, it is only from the marvellously quick progress of the decay which unquestioned supremacy is apt to induce. Last year it

seemed almost inevitable that internal dissensions would sink the Government. But the imminence of the danger forced Lord Palmerston into prudence; and the crazy, ill-compacted raft was steered through a tempestuous session and a perfect labyrinth of political shoals with rare dexterity and success. That peril has passed away. Until the Budget is produced, it is impossible to say to what extent Mr. Gladstone has been cudgelled into submission by his colleagues. A general impression, however, seems to be entertained that we shall hear no more of "action;" and that our financial heroism will for the present be confined to the prosaic triumphs of paying our way as best we can. But now that the apparent danger has passed away, the real one begins. Like the unfortunate Alpinists who lost their lives last year, Lord Palmerston can clamber up the steepest and most perilous pass with sure foot and steady nerves, but loses his head and slips the moment he reaches a path of comparative security on the other side. He can bear up against anything except success. The instant the field is clear of his enemies, his majority sure, his popularity universal, from that moment his mistakes begin. His temper and his discretion disappear together. Instead of humouring and sparing the prejudices of doubtful followers, he takes every opportunity of affronting precisely those which are the most intense and the most unforgiving. Instead of the habitual courtesy and good-humour with which last session he disarmed even the factiousness of a minority which kept him up till five in the morning, he puts down his adversaries with an arrogance of manner and a violence of language that would be resented by the clerks in his office. The present situation is nearly a precise copy of the state of things that existed at the beginning of 1858. Then Lord Palmerston enjoyed, not only, as now, a wide popularity, but also an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. It seemed as if his Ministry must last for ever. Yet one or two bad appointments, a snub to an importunate member, and a slight tampering with the right of asylum, were sufficient to bring that Ministry to the ground. They were mistakes which he was much too wary to have committed while he was weak, but into which he was betrayed by the intoxication of success. It is difficult to avoid an apprehension that he is going down the same road now to the same end. Mr. Dunlop is a more important man than Mr. Darby Griffiths, and has been insulted far more undeservedly. The pressure placed on Mr. Turnbull to resign, and the marvellous doctrines that were advanced to defend it, are almost as great an affront on those to whom Lord Palmerston looks for support as the encroachment on the right of asylum contained in the Conspiracy Bill. Sir George Lewis's mode of dealing with the County Franchise Bill and the County Financial Boards Bill are small imprudences—but they are imprudences that will not be forgotten. To vote for a Bill, and in announcing your vote to expose its absurdity with merciless candour, is a plan that pleases neither friends nor foes. The general impression produced by this half-hearted support was, that he had wished to oppose the Bills, but was overruled by the majority of the Cabinet. Under these circumstances, while the accepted rules of political combination forced him to vote with his colleagues, he was much too honest not to say precisely what he thought himself. His vote was all the Cabinet's, but his speech was all his own. The contrast, however, had the unfortunate effect of disgusting both sides of the House at once, and exposing to the public eye the domestic jars of Downing-street. It would have been better to have sent down a Minister who believed in the vote the Government had determined to give. The episode of Sir Baldwin Walker is a blunder of the same kind—one of the easy-going imprudences of undoubting security. Whatever the merits of the case were, it was a perverse coincidence that the telegraph was delayed twelve hours, and that the slowest vessel in the service was selected to carry it out. Lord Palmerston is in this dilemma—either he did not forward a distinct order to Sir Richard Dundas, in which case he is certainly guilty of trifling with a promise just publicly given, or Sir Richard Dundas disobeyed it because his dignity was insulted by receiving an order from any one but the First Lord, in which case it is a matter of positive danger to leave such a man in the office that he holds. This dishevelled fashion of dealing with public questions is not very wise in the presence of an Opposition whose self-control the bait of office, if it be dangled too close before their eyes, may at any moment overcome.

Men of all shades of opinion—Mr. Bright always excepted—wish the Palmerston rule to endure for the present at least. After him comes the deluge. No leader, if he fails, can command a working majority; and all will be alike exposed to the temptation from which he is free, of buying it by unworthy concessions to some one of the sections whose political allegiance is in the market. An abandonment of Italy will buy the Roman Catholics; an abandonment of the British Constitution will buy Mr. Bright and his youngmen. There is nothing Mr. Bright would like better than to be kingmaker again, and again to see successive Ministries bidding for his aid. The very vigour with which he abuses Lord Palmerston shows that he looks on him as the chief obstacle to this pleasant see-saw. But these things were just as evident in the beginning of 1858; and yet they did not save the Ministry. The spirit of the House of Commons soon rises against a man whom they think they see to be presuming on the fact that he is inevitable. They are willing to remember that he is a necessity so long as he seems to forget it, and no longer. There can be little doubt that Lord Palmer-

ston's fall from power will be the signal for a general scramble. The rivalries which his dexterity has kept in check, the intrigues which he has been strong enough to overawe, will bring the reign of Chaos back again, if in the present state of parties he were to be dethroned. He is the restraining Æolus, to whom we owe a momentary lull in the dangerous declamation of Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell. There are plenty of reasons which should induce the House of Commons to save him from defeat, even apart from the consideration that a dissolution—or, in other words a fine, on the average, of about five-hundred pounds apiece on each member—will probably be the immediate consequence of his fall. But calculations of consequences are not worth much when tempers begin to work. All these things will do little to avert a hostile division if Lord Palmerston should fritter away his personal popularity as he did three years ago. An accumulation of petty disgusts in course of time produces a condition of chronic irritation against a Government, which is more dangerous, because it is more treacherous, than open partisan hostility. Party feeling does not run high against a central Government like the present. But directly big passions slumber, small passions begin to work. The Ministerial position is in no danger of being stormed; but it runs great risk of being silently undermined by that feeble kind of contemptuous resentment which is engendered by a succession of minute offences.

THE STRIKE.

"STRIKE, but hear!" is what we should say to the London builders if there were the least chance of our being listened to; but we fear there is not the least chance of getting a hearing from men who are not to be taught by the disastrous events of the autumn of 1859, and whose families can scarcely have recovered from the demoralization and sufferings of that terrible time. It is only of a piece with their unhappy, and in some cases perverse, ignorance of the very first principles of social science, that the workmen cannot understand that the reaction which seems likely to set in after the depressed state of the building trade consequent on the last strike is not the very best time for the repetition of that deplorable proceeding. Because an emergency has overtaken the masters, they think that the weakness of the employer is the opportunity of the workman. The Nine Hours movement is renewed under the familiar auspices of Mr. Potter. The labour of Lord St. Leonards and his mediation in 1859 is utterly thrown away. The truce—which was evidently never meant by Mr. Potter to be kept—is broken just at the moment when certain great works, such as the Exhibition Buildings, seem, in the eyes of the Socialist leaders of the poor masons and bricklayers, to present a chance of successful dictation to the employers. What the artisans have not yet learned is that employers and employed have only one common interest, and that the scriptural law is fulfilled—if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Apparently, the only light in which the workmen have considered themselves since 1859 is that of a disaffected nationality, ready, at the least pressure on the ruling despotism, to throw off the oppressor's yoke. Mr. Potter and his friends paint in so lively a fashion the workmen as a Poland and the masters as a Russia, that the Nine Hours movement has become a sort of patriotism with the plasterers and masons.

The sentimentalism of the Nine Hours movement is transparently hollow. We may be hard-hearted as Launce's dog, but we must say that the bricklayer hungering and thirsting after literature, and only asking for the reduction of the hours of work that he may improve his mind, attend evening classes, and shave himself for a lecture at the Athenæum, is only pretty in a delegate's speech. We have never yet met the man. Such Mechanics' Institutes as we have known are, as a matter of fact, attended by clerks and warehousemen, but not by artisans. We do not say that this thirsting after literature is impossible; but the very regulation against which the masons are now striking affords this pursuit of knowledge under difficulties every encouragement. The offer of Messrs. Kelk was 7d. an hour for as many hours as a man chose to work. This was the very thing calculated to call out and encourage the self-educating class. If a man only chose to work nine hours instead of ten, and to devote the tenth hour to the Muses, or to Bacchus—if Bacchus be the god of beer—why, the Muses and Bacchus would cost him just sevenpence. He would know, and, if all that is said of the bricklayers' desire for mental improvement is true, he would appreciate his better part. No knowledge is worth having which does not cost a man something. The tariff was settled between laying bricks or literature and dominoes at 7d. an hour—this was the rate at which a man could cultivate his taste for hard books or hard drinking. But what the bricklayers want is not to feed their minds at the cost of an hour's work, but to get ten hours' pay for nine hours' work; and somehow this claim does not seem to be one likely to emanate from the literary mason. It has rather a smack of the loafer, who would spend the odd hour in more mundane and less soul-elevating pursuits. Nor can it be said that the restriction of work to nine hours is more called for in the building than in any other trade. In all sorts of businesses—those of bakers and printers, cabmen or policemen, for example—which are much more unhealthy, nothing like this claim is urged. The building trade is conducted in fresh air and under ample space, and it is by no means a fatiguing occupation—not nearly so much so as

that of the agricultural labourer, in whose favour no such limitation of the amount of work has ever been proposed.

Two appeals to the public upon those grievances of the masons which have led them to their present unprincipled strike are before us. The one is signed by one Jones, and the other bears the familiar and ominous name of Potter, into whose hands once more the masons have betrayed themselves. The wages which have hitherto been paid to the skilled mason are 5s. 6d. per day, or 33s. per week—the Saturday's work closing at four instead of six o'clock. On every other day, ten hours' work are required, making in the whole fifty-eight hours per week. The great builders, Messrs. Kelk, desirous as it seems to terminate, or prudently to evade, the ten hours' question, offered 7d. an hour, without prescribing the number of hours. A man might work nine hours a day, ten hours a day, eleven hours a day, if he liked or if he could. He might make his week, as before, consist of fifty-eight hours, and if he did he would be paid on the new scale actually more than on the old one. He would receive 33s. 10d. a week instead of 33s. as before; or, if he pleased, he might take his day of nine hours and his week of fifty-three hours, which is what the workmen claim under the Nine Hours Movement, and be paid accordingly; but in all cases at the uniform rate of 7d. an hour. This is the grievance. As Mr. Jones expresses it with admirable simplicity, "although the system the masters wish to introduce advances our wages at the rate of 2½d., still we consider it far from equivalent to the evils, &c. . . . it will open the way to the systematic working of overtime." And it will not, he adds, allow the overplus of workmen to get their share of employment. From this we gather that, wonderful to say, the workmen actually consider it to be their interest, and to conduce to a healthy state of business, that it should be crowded and encumbered with incompetent hands, who are to be paid as much as the skilled ones. Mr. Potter, at greater length, argues as he argued eighteen months ago. He complains of the hardship that all is left open to the workman, and that the new regulation actually encourages the best and most skilful hands. His objection to the masters' proposition is, that it leaves the individual workman free. What he regrets is that, under the new scale, the delegates cannot compel all hands to work just as few or as many hours as the delegates and secretary choose to prescribe. If they could force everybody down to a *minimum* of industry there would be no objection. This, according to Mr. Potter, is the perfection of the labour market. But as, unfortunately, human nature always contains some more active, industrious, and stronger men than their brethren—some impatient person who will get ahead of the crowd—and as the masters' new regulation is calculated to call out and encourage those ugly and inconvenient virtues of superior activity, industry, and perseverance, this dreadful tendency to emulation must be stopped. A man shall not be permitted to bring his superiority into the market. Everybody shall be brought down to a dead level of mediocrity. Mr. Potter and the leaders do not like over-work or over-activity. It must not be encouraged by the master. It must not be permitted by the men. The willing must be kept down to the low-water mark of the unready. Nobody shall work eleven hours, however capable he may be of the exertion, because most of us prefer nine hours on the scaffolding and one at the lecture room and meeting-house—to say nothing of the public-house. The energies of the skilful must be kept in check to give a chance to the superabundant horde of idlers who call themselves masons. We certainly are under every obligation to Messrs. Jones and Potter for their very intelligible objections to Messrs. Kelk's tyrannical attempt.

As we have said before, it is of no use to argue with the poor fellows who have committed themselves to the guidance of a person like Potter, who has the hardihood to venture on this sort of defence on the part of his victims. Cannot the workmen see that it is not worth one moment's consideration to a master-builder whether any given man works one hour or fifty hours, so that he gets a given amount of work done, nor that it signifies to him one farthing through how many hands that work and its wages passes so long as he only gets a certain price for it? All that he can afford to lay out on a given job is, say, fifty hours' work. To the master it does not matter, financially, whether this is done by five men in ten hours, or by ten men in five hours, or by one man in fifty hours. In either case the men and the hours are only important to the contractor as representing 29s. 2d.; and whether this is divided between five men or ten men, or is all earned by one man, does not concern the master one straw. Mr. Potter has the insolence to say that each and every workman among his clients actually would prefer to receive the tenth of this 29s. 2d. rather than the fifth. For this is what it comes to. By all the laws of cost and production, which are as fixed as fate, this must be the result of prohibiting over-time, and forcing up the unskilled and outsiders of the trade to the level of the skilled and industrious artisan. If Mr. Potter does not know, or if his dupes do not know, that the next step to which the combined workmen must have recourse—namely, a compulsory rise in wages against the masters—would in three months cause an entire stoppage of all building, and the utter ruin of every mason and bricklayer in London, why then he is the fool which we do not believe him to be.

And now comes the really serious aspect of the matter—for serious the Nine Hours movement is not. The grievance against Messrs. Kelk is so decidedly absurd that even the most ignorant of the masons must see it after a week's meditation in the halls

of the Mechanics' Institute to which they will now repair, and where we recommend them to begin their studies on the questions of capital and labour. The old agitating spirit and the old irritating language is at work. Mr. Kelk's yard is beset by pickets and surrounded by threatening gangs of intimidators. It is the masters who have done it all. It is not a "strike" on the part of the workmen; oh! no; it is a "lock-out" on the part of the masters. Messrs. Kelk are the tyrants—they are the grinders of the poor, the oppressors of the defenceless. This is of course the language addressed by those who are not ignorant to those who are—the language of the Potters to the unknown crowd who once more are to be sacrificed, and whose families again are to be starved for the vanity and ambition of the few. Mr. Potter knows just as well as we do that no artificial scale of prices ever can interfere with the ordinary laws of trade, and that the cost of production will, as a matter of course, settle all questions of time and quantity of labour. He must know, too, that the only certain way of ensuring the freedom of every individual workman is not, as now, to compel the masters to combine. The real freedom of the masons and bricklayers is in the jealousies, and rivalries, and competition and "cutting" of the masters. This Mr. Potter knows, and we had hoped that the experience of 1859 had taught these lessons to the men. If it is not so, why, then, in the interests of the workmen themselves, no less than of the public, they must be taught that this Socialism is their greatest enemy. The laws against conspiracy and intimidation must be enforced, especially in the case of proved ringleaders, in a far more stringent way than they were on the last occasion.

THE SALMON FISHERIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

IT would be monstrous if an age, in which food is valuable and out-door amusements universally popular, should suffer one of the richest sources of supply, and one of the most exciting of field sports, to pass from one degree of decay to another, and at last to become absolutely extinct from sheer carelessness, waste, and improvidence. Yet a charge of this sort, unless speedy means of prevention be adopted, seems likely to be incurred by our own generation. Salmon, so far as English and Welsh rivers are concerned, are, under the existing system, a doomed race. Last summer, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the subject, and its report abundantly justifies the darkest apprehensions of impending ruin. In some instances, the Commissioners found that the fish, formerly abundant, had already totally disappeared; in others, their numbers had suffered so considerable a diminution, that the present takings did not amount to more than a hundredth part of those within the recollection of living witnesses. The test of price is of course so liable to variation from other causes as to make it of little value in ascertaining the abundance of a commodity; but it is curious that salmon should have been sold within fifty years in the towns of Wales and Devonshire at 1½d. per pound, and that apprentices should have been accustomed to stipulate in their indentures for a minimum of three salmon dinners in the week. More importance is attached to the fact, that, in the face of a largely increased price and a greatly extended market, there has been a great and general depreciation in the rental of fisheries. On the Wye, one fishery which used, at the beginning of the century, to clear 400*l.* a year, brings in now 7*l.* or 8*l.* Another, on the Test, which used formerly to be let at 300*l.*, fell, thirty years ago, to a third of that sum, and is now rented at 18*l.* "There is not," said the lessor, "a tenth part of the fish that there was then." The contrast between our own rivers and those in Scotland, which nature or legislation has guarded against improper use, shows the extremely false economy of our present arrangements. The late Duke of Richmond informed a Committee of the House of Commons, that the clear profit of his fishings on the river Spey amounted, in 1858, to more than 12,000*l.* On the other hand, the Duke of Beaufort owns about twenty miles of fishing on the lower part of the Wye, a stream of the finest natural capabilities, and his rental for the whole is only 120*l.* per annum. In like manner, the testimony of the fishermen examined points invariably to the decaying interests of their class; and some curious old records have been found, which demonstrate the same melancholy truth still more convincingly. The river Wear, near Durham, is now believed not to have any salmon in it at all; but according to the chronicles of the Priory of Finchdale, of the Convent of Durham, and of the Master of Wearmouth, the good monks of the olden time had the best possible reason to know that its waters were rich with all sorts of blessings. Salmon and grise and trout abounded in the larders of each establishment. In 1536, the monks of Durham consumed 756 salmon and 24 grises. At another time, we find them buying 550 fresh salmon from the Wear fisheries; and the House of Finchley, after supplying all its own wants, sold salmon in one year to the amount of 9*l.* 12s. 8*d.*, which, as they appear at the same time to have bought a bull and three cows for 1*l.* 12s., must be held to represent no contemptible amount of fish.

The Commissioners next proceed to point out the causes to which these disastrous results are to be attributed. The great evil, as has been found to be the case in Ireland and Scotland, is the practice of building weirs and dams—often across the whole breadth of a stream—which from their height render it in some instances impossible for the fish to pass up at all, and

in others, limit their passage to the times of flood. The Ouse, the Wharfe, Eure, Derwent, and other streams in Yorkshire, are especially sufferers from these abominable contrivances. The natural advantages of all are considerable, and all were once well supplied; at present, however, the fish "are all but totally excluded." The Severn, Dee, the Cumberland Derwent, the Lune, Tawe, Torridge, and Test are also conspicuous for the deterioration of their fisheries since weirs have come into general use. The operation of these engines is in fact so sure and so deadly that the wonder seems that the persecuted race should not ere this have entirely vanished. Instinct prompts the fish at spawning time to push resolutely up the stream, and the earliest fish go furthest up, so that every part of the stream alike may be duly stocked with ova; but this natural provision is too often rendered impossible. "Detained at the foot of high and steep weirs, the spawning fish exhaust and injure themselves in vain attempts to overleap the barrier;" and one witness said that, in the course of twenty minutes on two different days, he saw no less than 136 salmon leap at a dam on the River Wharfe. Poachers and depredators are, of course, on the look-out, ready with gaffs to secure an easy prey; and, though the fish are in such bad condition as to be almost worthless for sale, the loss of every one inflicts a serious injury on the future interests of the stream above. Besides the weirs, all sorts of fixed engines are elaborately contrived to enhance the perils of a salmon's existence. "Stake-nets" have been borrowed from the Scotch, and are chiefly employed in the Northern Fisheries, on the Solway Firth, round Morecambe Bay, at the mouths of the Leven and Trent, and upon the estuary of the Lune. "Putchers and Trumpets," a kind of wicker framework, fixed on stages, and running in parallel rows from high-water mark seaward, have been immemorially in use on the estuary of the Severn. The mouths of the Uske and Rhymney rivers are fished in a similar manner, and at Swansea, Llynmouth, and other places, it is the practice to enclose a space on the shore with brushwood or wickerwork, within which the fish are left dry at the fall of the tide. Elsewhere "raise-nets" or "baulk-nets" are so contrived with stakes as to work with the tide and cut off the retreating fish from escape; and on the Wye and Uske there is a practice called "stopping," which consists in mooring a boat in the supposed run of the fish, and letting down a large bag net, which flows out underneath the boat, and can be quickly raised whenever a salmon strikes it. Sometimes as many as twenty boats, moored close to one another, are thus employed, and of course present almost as formidable a barrier as the stone-weir itself.

The diminished numbers of the salmon are also in part owing to the uncertainty which prevails as to the season within which they may be lawfully caught. The "close-time" is supposed to be fixed by the magistrates of each county, and consequently the two banks of a stream are sometimes under a different rule. The Severn, which intersects four counties, falls within the scope of four separate jurisdictions, and it is scarcely surprising that a law so unskillfully contrived should be negligently administered, and disobeyed with complete impunity. Then every kind of poaching tends to aid in the work of destruction. Raids are constantly made on the salmon spawning-beds on the upper parts of the Wye by bands of men who openly set the law at defiance. In other rivers night-fishing with spears and torches is the fashion, and in others the spent fish, absolutely worthless after spawning, is killed in its passage to the sea; while hundreds of thousands of the salmon-fry are detained in mill-weirs, and sometimes actually given to the pigs, or employed for the purposes of manure. When we add that several streams have been rendered so poisonous by the mines of the district that no fish can live even at their mouths for some miles out to sea—that paper-mills and gas-works often pour in a copious contribution of deleterious matters—and that a system of unpaid and irresponsible conservators appointed by the county magistrates, and exercising an ill-defined authority, is the only legislative machinery by which an attempt is made to coerce aggressions upon river rights—"the decline and partial ruin of the English salmon rivers" attested by the Commissioners, will cease to be matter of surprise, and the remedies which they suggest will receive at any rate the attention which is too often refused till the case becomes desperate.

They recommend, in the first place, the creation of a central authority, by which local antagonisms might be over-ridden and measures of general application devised and administered. Each river, they suggest, should be entrusted to a board of local conservators, which should be so formed as to represent the conflicting interests of fishermen, owners of fisheries, and shore proprietors. The funds necessary for the due working of the scheme should be raised, first, by a rate upon the occupiers of fisheries; and secondly, by a license duty upon all engines employed in the capture of salmon, including of course nets and rods. For the purpose of effecting particular improvements, the Commissioners propose that the local boards should be empowered to effect loans on the credit of the rates and license duties; and from the tone of feeling which they found generally prevalent among the persons most interested, they feel assured both that such loans might easily be obtained, and that the fisheries would in a very few years become productive enough to cover every expense which it might be thought desirable to incur with a view to their proper preservation. The rural police and the Coast-guard might, when the occasion presented itself, be invited to exercise a supervision over streams

and estuaries, and the mere fact of their being so empowered would, it is thought, give an important moral support to a new law. One uniform close-season should be observed, extending from the 1st of September to the 1st of February; but, with a view to giving all proprietors a personal interest in the condition of the streams, it is proposed that anglers should be allowed to continue fishing for a few weeks longer. A weekly close time, during which all fishing is to be suspended, will give the salmon a fair opportunity for their journey up or down the stream; and all fixed engines on estuaries and seacoasts will, if the Commissioners' advice be followed, forthwith be suppressed. Stake-nets are, they say, an invention of the last fifty years, and totally opposed to the spirit of our law. The same thing has already been done in the case of several Scotch rivers, and those most competent to judge, express their deep regret that a less stringent measure was applied to Ireland. The construction of ladders, such as have been used with such marked success on the Tweed, will be made compulsory whenever a mill-weir at present obstructs the free passage of a stream. Private fisheries, sometimes of immemorial antiquity, and enjoying a Parliamentary sanction, deserve, of course, the respect due to a vested right. But the Commissioners say that their continuance is fatal to any "hopes of restoring the fisheries to a proper state of productiveness." At present, however, owing to the deterioration of the rivers, they are almost valueless; and it is probable that the proprietors would generally be ready to co-operate in some arrangement by which their own as well as the public interests would be promoted; and already in one or two instances the proprietors of "cruives," with a view to encouraging the fisheries, have voluntarily made this concession for the benefit of the community. Lastly, with regard to the various contrivances employed by millers, in connexion with their dams, for the purpose of killing fish, the summary remedy of total suppression is recommended. Millers are at present among the salmon's most formidable foes; and if they were left in possession of their inequitable privileges, all other measures of reform would be partial and unavailing. Henceforward they must be content to abandon the incidental advantages of their position, and to wage a more legitimate though less profitable warfare with the enemy against whom they have hitherto availed themselves of so many unfair advantages.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

A FINE spring day and, for this stormy year, a moderate wind, added greatly to the enjoyment of spectators, and lightened the labour of performers, in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race. Cabmen, we should think, will long remember that day with satisfaction. It was discovered, within twenty-four hours of the race, that the prevailing westerly winds would be likely to bring the time of high-water earlier than had been calculated, and consequently that the start would have to be made an hour before the time generally announced. Probably this intelligence reached many intended spectators of the race through the medium of the *Times* at breakfast. Hansom cabs were in immediate requisition; and as it was to be feared that the steamboats would have already quitted Lambeth, there seemed to be no escape from an annoying and ridiculous disappointment except by driving with all speed to Putney Bridge. Happily the start did not take place quite so soon as had been indicated by the notice, so that many who believed themselves too late reached Putney even before the vessels in which they wished to take their places. Spectators, both afloat and ashore, were sufficiently numerous and enthusiastic to show that this great aquatic festival has lost none of its popularity. There was good company and genial weather, and indeed all the accessories of a splendid race, but the race itself was unsatisfactory. Oxford men would have placed a higher value upon a triumph more hardly won, and Cambridge men might have been better content with a defeat which had seemed to bear in it the promise of future victory. We regret to have to say, first, that the Cambridge rowing would have lost the race even if the boat had been well steered, and secondly, that the steering would have neutralized all the skill and pluck of the finest crew that ever got into a boat. It is inexpressibly discouraging to feel that the most gallant efforts and the most resolute endurance are being thrown away. The best soldiers in the world would soon lose courage if they began to suspect that their blood was being squandered through incompetence. We should not have felt surprise if a similar influence had shown itself among the Cambridge crew, after becoming aware that head and hand were grievously wanting in the direction of their course. We believe that the performance of the Cambridge coxswain at one moment of the race was regarded by all spectators as a prodigy of blundering. But it must not be supposed that any amount of judgment at the yoke-lines would have commanded victory, although it might have made defeat more honourable. There seemed to be two or three oarsmen in the Cambridge boat who had got into their places by a stroke of the same fortune which has given unenviable notoriety to certain Crimean officers. We shall not mention the names of any of the rowers, and we are sorry that it is impossible to blame the steering without causing pain to an individual. Here, unhappily, is a naval matter in which we know only too well where to lay the responsibility. It is not easy to persuade oneself that Cambridge sent forth, on this occasion, the best crew and

and coxswain that she could find. The truth is, that success in these, as well as in greater conflicts, depends quite as much on the preliminary arrangements as on the exertions made upon the actual field. There may be want of judgment in the selection of a crew, or possibly weakness of purpose, or partiality, or there may be a defect of authority in its management. Generally speaking, the raw material of victory is to be found in plenty on the waters of both Cam and Isis. It is the rarer quality of skill and influence in choosing, and organizing, and training, that causes the alternations of triumph and defeat. We think it impossible to exaggerate the value of these boat-races as a means both of the moral and physical education of the youth of England, and when we see conspicuous failure on the day of trial, we regard it as a proof of lurking evils in a system which ought to be productive of unmixed good. It is difficult to avoid attributing the complete defeat of Cambridge either to incapacity to see defects or to irresolution in setting about the cure of them. There must be among the students of that University some man or men, or at all events some influence at work, which, with sufficient opportunity, could bring a nation to disaster. We feel bound to say that, in our opinion, the performance of the Cambridge boat last Saturday was the worst that has been seen for many years. The rowing was weak, and the steering wild, and, worst of all, the crew came to Putney with a reputation among their own friends which seems to prove that nobody at Cambridge knows what a University boat ought to be.

It would be idle to attempt to describe a race which, barring accidents, had been evidently a safe thing for Oxford from the time that the rival crews were first fairly launched upon the London water. The Cambridge men tried hard to secure the lead in the first half-mile, and thus took the earliest opportunity of proving that the work was beyond their powers. They had exhausted themselves more than their antagonists, and they had gained a very slight and merely temporary advantage. Even at this early period the steering appeared defective, although not so extravagantly purposeless as it became afterwards. The Oxford men settled steadily to their work, improving in style and power as they went on. They very soon deprived Cambridge of her small and dearly purchased lead. They made the well-known "Crab-tree" with a full boat's length between them and their opponents; then crossing to the Surrey side, they passed under the Suspension bridge, rowing with beautiful precision and unflinching vigour, and having now so great a lead that it began to be difficult on board the following steamers to keep both boats in the same field of view. Further up, in what is called Corney Reach, there was a barge in full sail crossing the river towards the Surrey shore. The Oxford coxswain, with prompt judgment, laid his boat to pass across her bow. Here was an opportunity, such as, thanks to the erratic propensities of barges, is seldom wanting in a race, for the display of skill and self-possession. A nervous coxswain might have feared that he could not clear the barge's bow, while, if he altered his course to pass under her stern, he must have considerably lessened the interval between his own and the Cambridge boat. As regards the latter boat, which was on the Middlesex side, there seemed to be an opportunity for nothing but letting things alone. A straight, or nearly straight, course would have cleared the barge's stern, and perhaps have gained a trifle upon Oxford; but here that unhappy coxswain's right hand went to work with a feverish energy that may be relied on in all circumstances of difficulty to produce disaster. The boat's head was brought so much towards the Middlesex bank that spectators began to ask one another whether the coxswain was taking her back to Putney. One or two of the foremost steamers, unprepared for this novel movement, seemed likely to run over the misguided boat; but as they all kept dutifully behind, so as to give the Cambridge men a fair chance of making their final struggle, and as the Oxford boat was urged strenuously ahead, those who were on board the steamers ceased to enjoy a distinct view of her. We can only say of our own observation that she seemed to be going to the last with the untiring regularity of a machine, and that she won by an interval of time long enough for many wanderings of thought, and which was reported by accurate observers to be equal to thirty strokes of the Cambridge oars and forty-eight of the second-hand of a watch. Of the Cambridge boat the attendant train of steamers preserved only too good a view. It was evident that two or three of the crew had never recovered from that opening burst, and even the veteran stroke, who in the same place had so large a share of last year's glory, appeared to be rowing worse than we should have thought possible. We can only suppose that he was failing through the want of life behind him. As for the steering, our own latest notion on the subject was that the coxswain might have considered that there were several parties of spectators on the Middlesex shore who would like to have as near a view as possible of a boat that was going to lose a race in such style as had never been known before.

It was our intention to speak strongly, but not unkindly, upon this matter, because the University Boat-race excites such wide interest, and gathers so large a number of spectators, that a very general disappointment is caused by such a performance as that of last Saturday. Busy men must feel that their rare holiday would have been nearly thrown away except for the enjoyment they may have derived from the freshness of spring and the re-awakening of old friendships. We have expressed on former

occasions our own sense of the value of these races as a manifestation of national vigour and a means of sustaining that hardy spirit which is the best security for all that a nation prizes. We feel, therefore, rather shabbily used in being drawn into attending an exhibition of the art of how not to do it. It is, however, some compensation to reflect that there is almost certain to be a good race next year, because we know that Cambridge can turn out a better boat if only she determines that she will. Of Oxford we can scarcely require more than that she should equal the beautiful performance which has given to her this year's victory.

THE THEATRES.

WITHIN the last two or three weeks a complete change came over the theatrical world. The pantomimes, frost-bitten at Christmas, never attained their usual vigour, and, proving in consequence more than ordinarily short-lived, prematurely vanished from most of the bills. The transient pre-eminence which was attained for Drury Lane through the attractions of Mr. Charles Kean ceased with the engagement of that celebrated tragedian; and thus a field was opened for general competition, of which every manager seemed disposed to take advantage.

At the Haymarket, there has been a new comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled *A Duke in Difficulties*. It is founded on a tale which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* some years ago, and showed how a moneyless and courtless Grand Duke of the last century imposed upon a neighbouring potentate by engaging a company of actors to personate the officers of his household, and thus secured a profitable marriage. The tale is neither very striking nor very moral, and the drama constructed thereon is far from strong, though the author has somewhat filled out his originally thin subject by endowing it with a serious interest, centred in the person of a sentimental actress, who discourses in lofty ethics, and guards the virtue of an inexperienced daughter against the perils of courtly fascination. The mother and child are represented by Mrs. and Miss Stirling—the latter a novice in her profession, the former newly engaged at the Haymarket; and there is no doubt that much of the applause bestowed on the piece had immediate reference to the interesting relation actually existing between the two principal performers. Indeed, the rhymed address with which the work concludes evidently shows that Mr. Taylor intended the *Duke in Difficulties* rather for a *pièce d'occasion* than for a play of robust durability.

At the Olympic, we have had a new original drama, entitled the *Chimney Corner*, in which Mr. F. Robson sustains one of those characters that are not only after his own heart, but most effectually secure for him the hearts of his audience. He represents a comical old gentleman belonging to the lower stratum of the middle class, who is plunged into almost tragical despair by the conviction that his only son has committed a robbery. The young gentleman is of course innocent, the real cause of misery being his nonagenarian grandfather, who, in one of those fits of shrewdness incident to doting senility, has abstracted the missing treasure from its proper place in a bureau, and put it up the chimney. But the supposition of guilt lasts long enough to enable Mr. Robson to produce one of those strange compounds of humour and pathos which belong to his peculiar chemistry.

While on the subject of the Olympic Theatre, we would call attention to the growing importance of Mr. Horace Wigan, who, from exceedingly small beginnings, is in a fair way to become one of our leading actors. Thoroughly artistic, in the strictest sense of the word, he produces finished representations of the most various types, always giving evidence of original thought, and of a conscientious desire of finish. His impersonation of the old dotard in the *Chimney Corner* is truthful to the highest degree, and must appear especially remarkable to an audience who on the same evening see his equally finished performance of an insolent flunkey, with all the peculiarities stereotyped by Mr. Thackeray and *Punch*.

M. Fechter, who made his *début* at the Princess's Theatre as an English actor in the autumn of last year, has well maintained his position; and though not only his accent, but his style, are completely French, he has been acknowledged by the more refined patrons of the drama to be one of the most satisfactory artists now to be seen in London. With great personal advantages in his favour, he is thoroughly trained in all the graces of his profession, and his more powerful scenes are marked by a passionate inspiration which is altogether his own, and completely enlists the sympathies of his audience. Love-making has not for some time been interesting on the stage; and when in a modern drama a young lady and gentleman exchange vows of affection, we are apt to regard the tender revelations as inflictions necessary, perhaps, to be endured for the better understanding of the plot, but in themselves utterly unproductive of enjoyment. But M. Fechter has made us once more familiar with those high-spirited young gentlemen who can be equally attractive in love and in rage; and the ladies might consider him as fair an object of interest as the most fascinating hero of a French novel. His action was so elegant and so easy, the words flowed from his lips with such a show of earnestness, his transitions were so rapid, and, lastly, his face was so pleasing and so bright with intelligence, that he could not be regarded with indifference. For a long time he confined himself to *Ruy Blas*, the *Corsican Brothers*, and *Don César de Bazan*, pieces essentially different from each other, but

still alike in this practical particular, that in each of them the hero is supposed to be an interesting young man, endowed with high courage and a passionate temperament, and entertaining views in accordance with the moral purpose of the work. With his performance of *Hamlet* a new epoch in his London career possibly begins—possibly, we say, for though his acting, under circumstances of increased difficulty, displays even more than ordinary intelligence, and is utterly unconventional, we may reasonably doubt whether he is not too essentially foreign to settle down as a permanent Shakespearian actor.

Drury Lane and the Lyceum have indulged in French melodrama of that elaborate kind which flourishes on the Boulevard du Temple. The *House on the Bridge of Notre Dame* exhibits a contest between a high-bred and a low-bred villain, who are first accomplices in the murder of a young gentleman who keeps the lordly rascal out of an estate, but become sworn foes when the plebeian ruffian finds a vagabond youth exactly like the deceased, and endeavours to pass him off as the rightful heir. The battle is carried on through a number of exciting scenes, and an interest of the "Corsican Brothers" kind is produced by the circumstance that the true heir and the impostor are both played by Madame Celeste, whose rapid changes of costume are most remarkable. The Drury Lane piece, which is called the *Savannah*, likewise turns on a contested inheritance; but as the action takes place in Mexico, the costumes and villainies are completely Southern, and we have a *couleur locale* of a very novel kind, heightened in no small degree by the genius of Mr. Beverley. The *Savannah* is superbly put on the stage, abounds with startling incident, and is moreover animated by the vivacity of Mr. Charles Mathews, who has adapted it from the French, and appears as the comic hero of the romantic tale. A scene of craggy rocks, called the "Pirate's Ambush," in which the most extraordinary captures and escapes take place, and a duel fought with rifles, by combatants who dodge about the trees of a forest, might be deemed alone sufficient to attract considerable audiences, were there not reason to believe that the age of pure melodrama is past.

Ballet on a large scale is also patronized at Drury Lane. Albina di Rhona, a Servian dancer, who originally appeared at the St. James's Theatre, is now at the larger house, with several other artists of great talent, and a very powerful corps. At the Princess's, likewise, there is an effective choreographic troupe, headed by M. Espinosa. It may be observed that a tendency to combine acting and dancing seems now to be generally prevalent. Madlle. Albina di Rhona, like Miss Lydia Thompson, acts and speaks in a short farce, which mainly depends on her accomplishments as a *danseuse*, and the grotesque exhibitions of M. Espinosa at the Princess's and of his pendant M. Knaach at Drury Lane, really belong to mimetic art.

Hardy productions are the *Colleen Bawn* at the Adelphi and the *Ile of St. Tropez* at the St. James's. Both lived through the frost, and are still vigorous. Indeed, the *Colleen Bawn* was utterly unaffected by the weather that proved so fatal to the pantomimes, and had the honour of sharing London with the parks. The aggregate facts that it was brought out in the dull month of September, that it has continued to draw crowds without interruption till the present March, that it is only removed from the bills to enable Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault to fulfil an Irish engagement, and that its reproduction on their return is promised as a great boon, are as remarkable as anything to be found in the contemporary annals of the stage. All the world seemed at once to make up its mind that, as a matter of principle, it must go to see the *Colleen Bawn*, and to this assumed principle it rigidly adhered.

Fortunate as usual with her burlesque, Miss Swanborough, of the Strand Theatre, has made a successful essay in the higher comic drama. Mr. Planché's *Court Favour* has been revived in very creditable style.

REVIEWS.

JOHN WICKLIFFE.*

WE can hardly fancy any position more trying to the human temper than when an elderly man who has devoted himself for a whole life to a special subject, and has made, whether great discoveries or not, certainly real discoveries as to that subject, finds himself at last pulled to pieces by a man many years his junior. Such is now the case between Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Shirley. Dr. Vaughan has given his whole life to a diligent, conscientious, and what people call "loving," study of the life and works of Wickliffe. He has written two books about them, with an interval of many years between them—the one the fruit of his youthful zeal, the other giving the result of his matured labour and reflection. And, whatever deductions are to be made, he at least deserves for his labours that degree of credit which belongs to every one who honestly works at unpublished materials. Dr. Vaughan is a painstaking, and in many respects sensible, man—one who has read a good deal

and has done his best to make his labours useful to others. And he is one who thoroughly loves his subject. Wickliffe, and everything to do with Wickliffe, are intensely dear to Dr. Vaughan's heart. It must be singularly painful to him to be, after all this, suddenly attacked by a young and previously unknown Oxford scholar, and to find several of his darling theories ruthlessly cut asunder by one who certainly knows how to wield a trenchant blade without mercy. Mr. Shirley is an able man and a sound scholar—a far abler man and a far sounder scholar than Dr. Vaughan. Still we can quite enter into Dr. Vaughan's feelings; we can quite sympathize with much mortification and a little indignation. We do not expect him to see the matter with Mr. Shirley's eyes or with ours. But we can easily throw ourselves into his place. We cannot, however, think that Dr. Vaughan at all strengthens himself by putting into his late *Revolutions of English History* a note, saying that Mr. Shirley's book is "full of error." Mr. Shirley is certainly far too formidable an antagonist to be disposed of in that way.

Our sympathies go with Dr. Vaughan—our intellectual conviction goes with Mr. Shirley. Mr. Shirley has erred somewhat in the form of his criticisms. We believe those criticisms to be sound; and had Mr. Shirley been writing a review of Dr. Vaughan, or even a formal answer to Dr. Vaughan in any shape, we should have said nothing against their style. But we are not quite sure that Dr. Vaughan may not reasonably complain when the public money is spent in pointing out his mistakes, and, still more, in hurling sarcasms at them. Mr. Shirley was employed by the Master of the Rolls to edit certain contemporary tracts on the Wickliffe controversy. This duty he discharged in a way which went far to redeem the series from the discredit brought upon it by an editor who could not distinguish "Inde" from "Jude," and who has since discovered that Calais is close to Champagne. Mr. Shirley wrote an Introduction which at once won for him a high place among our younger historical inquirers. As he thought some of Dr. Vaughan's views erroneous, it was perhaps necessary that he should point out his errors; but we certainly think that, especially as he was in some sort occupying the place of a public officer, he would have done better to point them out in the quietest and most businesslike way possible. But Mr. Shirley has considerable powers of sarcasm, and he evidently enjoyed, just as a reviewer would enjoy, the pleasure of pointing out Dr. Vaughan's mistakes. The only thing was, that he was not writing a review. We do not mean that a man may write anonymously in a review what he would be ashamed to write openly with his name. But we certainly do mean that a man may often write with perfect propriety in a review what it would be unbecoming for him to write openly with his name. The review, as such, speaks with authority, and may befittingly assume a tone of superiority which might be quite indecorous in the actual writer speaking personally. With a writer whose reputation is already made the case is altogether different. He may reprove, exhort, and even satirize, with all authority. Yet we are not quite sure that we set down Bishop Thirlwall's sarcasms on Mitford and Archdeacon Williams among the merits of his great work. But Mr. Shirley—especially when writing by authority of the Master of the Rolls—is not in the position of Bishop Thirlwall. He is not as yet a recognised master. If Mr. Shirley goes on as he has begun, he will one day be quite in a position to speak with authority; but we certainly think a somewhat different style would have better befitted a beginner.

Dr. Vaughan, as we have already said, has published two works about Wickliffe. The first, in two volumes, appeared in a second edition, "much improved," in 1831. We do not remember to have seen the unimproved first edition, and we are curious to know what Mr. Shirley would have said to it. Dr. Vaughan must, when he wrote it, have been young, or comparatively so; but the faults of the book are rather the faults of age. There is a decided tendency to twaddle, and even the hearty love of the subject which the author displays is not so much the zealous enthusiasm of youth as the somewhat maudering affection of later years. Still, whatever faults the keener eye and sounder judgment of Mr. Shirley may discover, Dr. Vaughan is fully entitled, as far as the parts directly relating to Wickliffe are concerned, to the credit always due to honest love of his subject and honest research about it. It was more unlucky for Dr. Vaughan that he thought proper to prefix several chapters on general ecclesiastical history which could add but little to his reputation. They are very poorly written, they display little or no original research, and they contain a large amount both of actual mistakes and of loose and unscholarlike ways of writing. Dr. Vaughan seems, in 1831, to have been utterly incapable of spelling any proper name. We have *Athenagoras*, *Chrysoschier*—in two successive pages (vol. i. p. 122-3), so it could hardly be a misprint—*Aquilina*, *Circassone*, *Evreux*, *Staggyrite*, *Geneve* (a needless Gallicism, to say the least), and divers others. It is a worse mistake when Dr. Vaughan (vol. i. p. 223) talks of the great school of law at *Boulogne*. Undoubtedly *Boulogne* and *Bologna* are originally the same name, but if Dr. Vaughan thought that the great legal University was at the town which we commonly call *Boulogne*, it was an almost inconceivable piece of ignorance on his part; and if he is in the habit of speaking of *Bologna* by the name of *Boulogne*, he certainly uses a form of speech admirably adapted to promote ignorance in his readers and hearers. We will not rake up any long list of blunders made thirty years ago, but we cannot help smiling, in passing, at Dr.

* *The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D.D., &c.* By Robert Vaughan. 2 vols. Second Edition. London: Holdsworth and Ball. 1831.
John de Wycliffe, D.D. A Monograph. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: Seeley, 1853.

Fasciculi Zizaniorum, &c. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Shirley, M.A. London: Longmans. 1858.

Vaughan's description of "the council of Albi, an assembly convened in a locality bearing that name," and we must transcribe, as a fine specimen of antithesis, the Doctor's character of the Emperor Phocas:—"A military insurrection placed the sceptre of the Empire in the hand of Phocas—a centurion, and a wretch, who appears to have added the sensualities of the brute to the treacherous and vindictive passions which characterize the fiend." Why so hard upon centurions? We once heard a sermon preached directly against centurions as a class of men peculiarly indisposed to receive the Gospel. Certainly all that we hear of centurions in the New Testament is decidedly to their credit, and we know of no reason to suppose that, even in the seventh century, a centurion, as such, was more likely than another man to be Dr. Vaughan's mixture of brute and fiend. Dr. Vaughan, like King James, may be strong in demonology; but can one talk quite correctly of "treacherous passions," and is vindictiveness the special attribute of the diabolic character? Dr. Vaughan may know more about it than we do, but we always thought that it was peculiar to fiends, cats, and fiendish men to inflict pain purely from the love of inflicting it, and therefore without those "vindictive passions" which moralists tell us are, after all, a wild form of justice.

In Dr. Vaughan's later work he has dispensed with all this preliminary, and certainly uncalled for, matter, and he confines himself pretty well to Wickliffe, and the subjects which Wickliffe immediately suggests. It is a pretty got up book, in one thick volume, and, what is of more moment, Dr. Vaughan has corrected in it some of the mistakes of his former work. One of these corrections, as was natural, greatly excited the amusement of Mr. Shirley. Wickliffe took the degree of Doctor in Divinity at Oxford, a degree which now, as then, confers the Latin title of "Sacre Theologie Professor." Dr. Vaughan, and a great many writers besides Dr. Vaughan, seem not to have known what S.T.P. meant, and to have fancied that Wickliffe was appointed "Professor of Divinity" as a definite, perhaps endowed, office, like those held by Dr. Jacobson and Dr. Haurley now. By the time Dr. Vaughan wrote his second book he had found out his mistake, but the way in which he corrects it is not a little curious and ingenious:—

The biographers of Wycliffe have been wont to describe him as becoming a Professor of Divinity in Oxford, in 1372. This is in a sense true, but not in the sense intended. By a professor, according to modern usage, we understand a person specially chosen to deliver lectures, a person to whom that right is restricted in his particular department, and who is sustained by an endowment, or a fixed stipend. The fact is, however, that professors in this sense were unknown in Oxford in the age of Wycliffe. Indeed it cannot be shown that any actually-endowed professorship had existence in any university until about 1430. Occasional bounties had been afforded a century or a century and a-half earlier, to fix teachers in the universities; but these instances of liberality were private and temporary, and of little effect. In the year 1311, Clement VII. called upon Oxford, and other celebrated universities, to establish professors' chairs for the Oriental languages—but the call was uttered in vain. In the fourteenth century, every man in Oxford who proceeded to the degree of Doctor in Divinity—*Sacra Theologie Professor*—became, in the language of that day, a professor, and might, simply in virtue of his degree, open a hall, and lecture to as many as chose to become his pupils. In this sense Wycliffe became professor of divinity in Oxford, in 1372.

As Dr. Vaughan wrote a good deal of twaddle in his youth, he was not likely to leave off the habit of twaddling in more advanced life. Dr. Vaughan helps us to a great deal of local twaddle about the place—Wickliffe in Yorkshire—which he supposes to have been the Reformer's birthplace. Among other things he gives us a view of the interior of "Wickliffe Church in 1340," with a regular Laudian altar-rail, a roof such as we trust disgraced no architect of the Edwardian age, and men, women, and children, in singularly nineteenth-century-looking dresses. Dr. Vaughan dearly loves the notion of John Wycliffe of Wycliffe; but Mr. Shirley has very distinctly shown, that though he was of the family of Wyclif, Wycliffe, or Wickliffe, of that ilk, he was not actually born at Wycliffe. Dr. Vaughan's argument to prove that he was is a curious *non-sequitur*:

In brief, the name of Wycliffe is assuredly a local name—John de Wycliffe—John of Wycliffe: and this is the only locality in England from which it could have been derived. Nor is there the slightest reason to suppose that there was a second family in the very small parish of Wycliffe in circumstances to send a son to Oxford, and to sustain him there for a series of years at his own charges, as was manifestly the case with the Wycliffe who has his place at the head of the succession among us distinguished as protesters against Rome.

Does not Dr. Vaughan see that, though "Wycliffe is assuredly a local name"—though the first "John de Wycliffe" must have been "John of Wycliffe"—though "there is no other locality in England from which it could have been derived"—yet, as soon as it had once become fixed as an hereditary surname, "John de Wycliffes" might be born anywhere? Dr. Vaughan reverses the usual error about mediæval surnames. Other people will furnish men with hereditary surnames before they had them. Dr. Vaughan will not allow them to have had them when they certainly were fully in use. There can be no doubt that Thomas of London and John of Oxford, in the twelfth century, were born at London and Oxford severally. But Dr. London, who robbed abbey under Henry VIII., and Edward Oxford, who shot at Queen Victoria, may themselves have been born anywhere, though doubtless each had respectively a London and an Oxford-born ancestor. So with Wickliffe. By the time the Reformer was born, surnames were fixed in families holding the position which evidently belonged to that of Wickliffe. Therefore John

Wickliffe, or even "John de Wycliffe," might have been born anywhere. One can hardly doubt that Mr. Shirley is right in placing, after Whitaker, the Reformer's birthplace at Hipswell, or Ipswell, near Richmond. Alas, then, for all Dr. Vaughan's talk about Wycliffe, and Wycliffe church, and the old "descendant of the Wycliffe family," who "laid a sort of claim to the supervision of all clocks and watches," and "bowed good-day with some stateliness of manner."

"The birth of Wycliffe," says Dr. Vaughan, "is fixed by all who have concerned themselves with his history in 1324." Mr. Shirley shows that this is a mere "vague conjecture." We wish, however, Mr. Shirley would not write such Jupiter English as "reliable evidence," which is quite as bad as Dr. Vaughan's "localities" of Wycliffe and Alby.

Dr. Vaughan tells us that Wickliffe entered as a commoner of Queen's College in 1340, and implies that his name is to be found in an extant list of the original members. Harken to Mr. Shirley:—"No such list can be discovered. Commoners were then confined to the unendowed halls of the University, and Wycliff's connexion with the College—of which he never was, strictly speaking, a member—belongs to a later part of his life, when he hired a set of rooms, which was usually let to strangers by that poor foundation." So on throughout. Tale after tale disappears, cut off without mercy by the unsparing arm of Mr. Shirley:—

That in 1356 he published his first work, *The Last Age of the Church*; that the same year he was one of the fellows of Merton; and that in 1360 he took up the pen of the dying Archbishop Fitz-Ralph of Armagh in his memorable controversy with the Mendicants, are facts only by courtesy and repetition. *The Last Age of the Church* has been assigned to him, in common with half the English religious tracts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in the absence of all external and in defiance of all internal evidence; and the fellow of Merton was, almost certainly, another man of the same name, who died rector of a living in Sussex in 1383, and who in more than one circumstance of his life appears to have been confounded with the reformer. Of the story which connects him with the controversies of 1360, we are enabled to trace the growth; it is implicitly contradicted by contemporary authority, and receives, to say the least, no sanction whatever from the acknowledged writings of the reformer.

The whole story about the wardenship of Canterbury Hall is most convincingly shown by Mr. Shirley to belong to another John Wickliffe. This idea was first started by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* between the publication of Dr. Vaughan's two works. Mr. Shirley takes it up, weighs the whole evidence on both sides with the hand of a sound historical critic, and decides that the Master of Balliol and the Warden of Canterbury Hall were two different persons. Dr. Vaughan was at first inclined to do so too, but afterwards settled not to do so; yet his mind appears to have been swayed, not by historical evidence, like Mr. Shirley, but by arguments of a purely *a priori* character. We cannot resist making the extract, though it is somewhat long:—

But the fact that there assuredly was at this time a second John de Wycliffe, who was not only a clergyman, but a person so far in favour with Islepe, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as to have been appointed by him vicar of the parish in which the primate himself was chiefly resident—has given rise to the question—Is it not probable that in this John de Wycliffe of Mayfield, and not in John de Wycliffe the reformer, we find the person who was selected to be Warden of Canterbury Hall, in place of the monk Wodehull? Certainly, this question is not an unreasonable one; and great advantage has been supposed to lie on the side of settling it in the affirmative. For if this be the fact, then, we are told, the insinuations of such men as Anthony Wood and Bishop Fell, who ascribe the anti-papal zeal of Wycliffe to the circumstance that the court of Rome decided against him in the matter of his wardenship, falls to the ground, and leaves the fame of the reformer in this respect unscathed.

But for our own part, we must say, we are by no means careful to vindicate the fame of Wycliffe against such imbecile attacks. The man who could be influenced, in the manner supposed, by the incident mentioned, must have been a man doomed to be the creature of circumstances; and, as the circumstances adapted to affect his course would be various and contradictory, so would his history have been. The chapter of accidents is never in one stay; and so must it be with the purposes of the man who has no power but to do as accidents may determine. He will, according to the adage, be everything by turns and nothing long. Heads of the Anthony Wood and Bishop Fell make, in which an anile bigotry leaves little or no place for the exercise of common sense, may not understand this—but if there be any such thing as a relation of *adequacy* between cause and effect, we think we may safely leave our readers to say, whether such a result as we have before us in the life of Wycliffe could have proceeded, in anything beyond a very trivial degree, from such a cause.

We think all this is enough. Dr. Vaughan, a respectable, painstaking man, whose book displays an amiable, but somewhat weak character—who, though incapable of forming an historical judgment, is yet fond of history and historical research, and, as such, has done some good service in his time—is smitten to the earth by a young, vigorous, and merciless hand. Mr. Shirley has fully proved his powers, not merely as a man of research, but as one possessed of the far rarer gift of weighing evidence and judging between conflicting statements. He strikes us as by far the ablest man whom the present series of publications has brought to light—the zenith of the scale of which Mr. Hingston is the nadir. Still, we cannot help sympathizing with Dr. Vaughan in the sad state to which the hand of Mr. Shirley has brought him. The dreams of his life are passed—the whole fabric which he has built up is shattered. John Wickliffe was not born at Wycliffe, nor was he ever Warden of Canterbury Hall. We cannot help feeling a kind of pity for Dr. Vaughan lying prostrate under the artillery of Mr. Shirley. We allow that justice must have its work, but we cannot refuse a tear or two to so harmless and venerable a victim.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE.*

THE verbose and pompous style in which this book is written might tempt most readers to lay it aside without doing justice to the spirit in which it is conceived. Its author tells us that he considers journalism inadequate to the discussion of great questions of policy at times when the national history must be reviewed fully in order to act wisely for the future, and when the nation has to be aroused to a sense of great dangers impending, and of the evils which attend on a general and prevailing error of opinion. Mr. Louis wishes to treat the large subject of the relations of England and Europe fully, to point out why and how England has failed to do its duty to Europe in recent years, and what it lies within the power of England to do in the immediate future. The discussion is conducted with the greatest possible seriousness, and with a most genuine interest in the welfare of the country and in the growing freedom of Europe. Such a book deserves a better fate than the contempt to which the florid emptiness of its rhetoric and the vagueness of its practical suggestions will probably condemn it. There can be no doubt that it is a great gain to a country to have men who think, and, possibly, to have men who write, like Mr. Louis. Political life cannot flourish unless there are politicians who feel strongly, and one form of the politician who feels strongly will always be exhibited by persons who like to express rather ordinary sentiment through the vehicle of grandiloquent declamation. Such persons are apt to be bores in private life, and even their most patient friends are occasionally tempted to wish them and their indignation and their rhetoric at the bottom of the Red Sea. But the nation as a whole profits by their fervour, and by the air of reality and the life they give to political debate. There is always a danger lest the remoter and greater interests of the country should be avoided as beyond the reach of comfortable common sense, and abandoned to the exclusive care of statesmen. Critics accustomed to consider how difficult and complicated political action on a large scale must necessarily be, do not like to take up more than fragments of so vast a subject as the relations of England and Europe, and are apt to say simply, and perhaps with an ironical reserve, what they think as to these fragments. Ardent writers, therefore, like Mr. Louis, have a clear field before them; and no one can say that it is a field which it is useless to occupy.

In reading a book of this kind, we naturally notice two things—the feelings and opinions to which the ardent author delights in giving vent, and the course of policy he suggests for the future. With most of the feelings and with many of the opinions vented by Mr. Louis, we can sympathize or agree. He declaims against the evils that have arisen, and may arise, from the French alliance. He is strong in behalf of Italy and Hungary. He wishes Germany to be consolidated and compact enough to stand between France and Russia. He points out that the dissolution of the Turkish Empire must soon take place, and that England must protect her system of communication with India at all hazards. Further, he remarks on many points of home policy. He reproves his countrymen for their languid acquiescence in the fatalism of progress. He inveighs against the Manchester School of politicians, and he highly approves of the rejection of the Paper-duty Bill by the Lords. Who are we that we should object to a man for holding opinions we have so often advocated? It is true that in venting these opinions Mr. Louis is not giving his readers anything new, but then novelty is not the most important feature of his book. It is strong, hearty, commendable feeling. He puts all these things as if they came from his very inmost soul, and we are glad, as we think them right, that they should come from a man's inmost soul. It is true that a writer of a book has some advantages, and especially those of space and of a license of declamation, which are denied to a journalist; and the lengthiness and warmth with which he can express himself prevent his being exactly on the same level with a writer in a periodical, and shed a tinge of novelty over his thoughts. For example, Mr. Louis takes three pages to express his conviction that England cares for other things than commerce, and he concludes his book with a magnificent peroration, beginning with, "No, the Lion of England will break through the toils," &c. &c. There are people who keenly relish having things put in this way, and it is an excellent thing that the taste should be ministered to. Cold, sneering, guarded expressions of opinion cannot satisfy everybody, and there is a certain elevation of thought and feeling produced by perorations about the Lion of England.

Mr. Louis does not seem to us quite so happy when he comes to delivering opinions which are more his own, and to making practical suggestions. One of his great objects is to attack the doctrine of non-intervention. He says that this never was the rule of Europe in old times, and no one can deny that here he is right. He also points out that England profited largely by the intervention of the Dutch, and he wishes that we should confer as great benefits as we have received. He denies that non-intervention has ever been, or can ever be, a principle of international law. Many of the older writers allowed that in some cases intervention was lawful, and if it is permissible in any cases, there can be no principle of non-intervention. Mr. Bernard, in a pamphlet to which Mr. Louis alludes, has laid down the pro-

position that intervention is altogether wrong; and Mr. Louis remarks that this can only be an ethical remark, and cannot be taken as part of international law, because the rules of international law are necessarily based on the practice of nations, and no nation has ever consistently carried on a system of non-intervention. It may be worth while to say a few words on this point. It is quite true that we have not made a practice of non-intervention. We intervened in Belgium, in Portugal, and Spain; but these interventions took place at a time when intervention was everywhere made the weapon of those who wished to carry into effect systems of government diametrically opposed to ours. We showed that there might be interventions on one side as well as on the other. Since then, we have seen that, unless Europe is to be for ever at war, interventions must cease. If we are to intervene on behalf of liberty, and the despotic Powers are to intervene on behalf of absolutism, it is evident that we shall either be in perpetual collision, or we shall give and receive a series of provocations that must keep us on the verge of war. If no intervention took place on any side, we may reasonably hope that each nation that came to an internal quarrel would, in the long run, win as much liberty as it was fitted for. There might be many disappointments in this; but, on the whole, the probability is great that internal liberty will be the slow, though sure result of time, whenever the people is fitted for it, and foreigners do not intervene. We may, therefore, achieve our object without war; and war is so serious an evil in itself that to furnish means of avoiding it is one of the first aims of international law. When we say that we advocate non-intervention as a principle, what we mean is, that we consider that it would be a good thing if foreigners were; by mutual consent, to abstain from helping either side in a civil struggle. If this were allowed generally to be true, the agreement not to intervene would take its place among the rules of international law.

Mr. Louis is for action on the grandest scale. In the first place, we are to act entirely in independence of France. In the second place, we are to free Italy, Hungary, and perhaps Poland; next, we are to take the initiative on the Eastern question, and thwart France and Russia; and, lastly, we are to consolidate Germany. This is a magnificent programme. England is supposed capable of doing anything she pleases, of securing any victories on which she may set her heart, and bearing any burdens that the most expensive war may entail. The answer simply is, that we are not strong enough. We should exhaust ourselves without doing any good to our friends. It is no more our duty to maintain the independence of Hungary, in defiance of Russia and Austria, while France is neutral, than it is the duty of a rich man to beggar himself in order to scatter a momentary shower of prosperity among his labourers. The objection that, even if we could do all this, we should do no good, because the people we helped would be in complete dependence on us, is true in many cases, though not in all. But the argument that the task is beyond our strength is unanswerable, provided only that it is based on fact.

Mr. Louis has read a good deal of history, and has thought over the subjects on which he writes, although he is too completely the victim of his love of declamation and of his fervent feelings to attend to what is practical and possible. Every here and there he makes a remark which tempts us to wish that he had given himself the trouble to pursue the line of thought further, and to set out in plain language the reasons on which his opinion is grounded. For example, he says, truly enough, that England is more than ever interested in the affairs of the Continent since steam bridged the Channel. Mr. Louis might have done his country a service if he had taken the trouble to examine closely and state plainly why England is interested in Continental affairs. He is so full of the duty which he says lies on us of backing up all insurgents, that he does not explain how, apart from this duty, we are affected by the distribution of power on the Continent. Yet this is a point on which few people are informed, and on which information is really valuable. It is impossible to recommend Mr. Louis's book to those who are themselves acquainted with the subjects which he likes to touch on. Nor can it be offered as an instructive work to the mere general reader. It is only calculated to suit one set of people—those whose patriotism is fired by well-meant declamation. To those it may be useful and acceptable, and therefore it ought not to pass by entirely unnoticed.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN 1860.*

IF, as Mr. Galton tells us in his preface, "it depends on the favour of the public whether this volume will be succeeded by others" of a similar description, we may look upon the *Vacation Tourists* as having already established a footing in contemporary literature; and the best wish we can express towards the editor is, that the rest of the series may be as thoroughly sensible and entertaining as the collection which has just appeared under his auspices. The first essential for a book of travels is to be readable, and none of Mr. Galton's contributors seem to have lost sight of the obligation. The plan in itself, apart from the excellence of its execution, was a good one. The most ener-

* *England and Europe: a Discussion of National Policy.* By Alfred H. Louis. London: Bentley. 1861.

* *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1860.* Edited by Francis Galton, M.A., F.R.S. Cambridge and London: Macmillan. 1861.

getic, observant, and daring of English travellers belong to classes in society far too busily engaged to allow of protracted absence from home. The race of professional travellers is a small one, and few people (for the most part) except idlers or invalids have more than a few weeks or months' experience from which they may select topics for description. Doctors and lawyers, clergymen hurrying back to their parishes, and College tutors mindful of the requirements of the coming term, cannot be expected, in the course of their brief holiday, to collect materials for an entire work; but each one, as in the present instance, may well have had adventures enough to fill a dozen pages most amusingly, and instead of diluting his good scenes with lengthy narrative or insignificant detail, he may fix on the strongest point of his story, and tell nothing but what is pretty sure is well worth the hearing. On the other hand, the reader has all the advantage of unceasing variety. If he does not exactly survey mankind from China to Peru, he gets a glimpse at the manners and customs of nations so remote in position and so different in character as to set off each other's peculiarities with all the charm of contrast. Before he is tired of basking in the Bay of Naples, he finds himself peering into an Icelandic Geyser, or snowed up in a Croatian fort, or perched on some Alpine crag, with one leg in Italy and one in Switzerland, as happy as the neighbourhood of avalanches, crevasses, showers of rocks, and impracticable precipices can make him. Or, if he is tired of the ordinary range of exploration, he may get among the Slavonic races, and be conducted by a learned guide through Slovacks and Ruthenians, and the saddle-loving tribes of Central Hungary. Or he may land at Lima, hire a mule, buy an enormous pair of spurs, and start for a wild ride over Peruvian pampas, among the ruins of deserted cities and the desolate mountain ridges that form the outworks of the far-stretching Andes. Or he may sit, mist-enveloped, on a Sutherland hill-side, far from the haunts of men or the desecrating tread of pedestrian excursionist, and peep up from a lair in the heather at the thicket of antlers that tells of the deer close at hand, or listen to Highland myths fresh from the mouth of a true Gaelic narrator. Wherever he goes he will find himself in the company of a vigorous and cheerful companion, and will see the "art of travel" exemplified in the most practical and satisfactory manner possible.

Professor Tyndall prefaces his contribution to the volume with an account of his own health, which shows how absolute a necessity the summer holiday of Englishmen has become, and how much we owe to the mountainous regions which year by year send us back our ablest and most valuable workers with a new lease of health and strength for future exertion. For some weeks before his start, undue mental toil had so wrought upon him that the mere perusal of a newspaper "sufficed to turn his head into a kind of electric battery," and sometimes he was obliged to pause in directing a note, lest the effort required to complete the address should produce some terrible catastrophe in his brain. A few weeks later he joined his guide, Lauener, in Switzerland, and the first meeting was appropriately significant of the restorative process that soon went on with magical rapidity. A huge bony fellow, with enormously long legs, leaped out of a carriage, and came bounding and splashing through the mud toward his old employer. "Gott! wie der Kerl springt!" was the exclamation of the wonder-stricken driver, and Lauener's subsequent performances did no discredit to so energetic a beginning. Professor Tyndall was soon joined by Mr. Hawkins, one of the most successful and persevering of Alpine travellers; and the two together pushed across from Lauterbrunnen to the Eggisch-horn in a single day, over a mountain-wall of rock, snow, and glacier which tested all their powers of climbing, and more than once disposed them to turn back in despair. They afterwards got a long way up the Matterhorn—a mountain which has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being absolutely impracticable, and which has, Mr. Hawkins says, "a sort of prestige of invincibility," which influences the minds of all who set foot on it, and prepares them for new and unheard-of perils. The details of the ascent certainly read as if the task were a hard one, and the writer confesses that, as to one portion, he is even now at a loss to conceive how his guide contrived to surmount it. This consisted of "a chimney of rock, cased all over with hard black ice, about an inch thick. The bottom leads out into space, and the top is somewhere at the upper regions. There is absolutely nothing to grasp at." Bennen, the guide, however, wriggled through in some undecipherable fashion, and the rest of the party got up and down again without any mischance; and they hope that, on some future occasion, under more favourable conditions, a complete ascent of the mountain may be effected:—

Opposuit Natura Alpemque nivemque—

But Mr. Hawkins regards precipices with Hannibalian indifference, and will, we trust, be fortunate enough to carry his design into execution. Mr. Leslie Stephen, another member of the Alpine Club, gives a still more exciting account of an excursion from Saas to Zermatt by way of the Allelein-horn, and of a descent of a wall of ice, which, when detailed in cold blood, seems absolutely frightful. His party had for some time been making their way along the top of a tolerably easy snow-ridge, in shape something like a steep church roof. The great difficulty occurred when this ridge suddenly broke away, or was intercepted by tall spires of rock, which obliged the travellers to creep down on to the treacherous

snow which covered the mountain side, of which great patches occasionally slid away, and poured in broad sheets with a hissing sound over the rocks below. At last the ridge came to an end, and the party crept down a sort of gutter which ran along one of the mountain ribs, which ran from the point where they stood towards the Tasch glacier, which they were bent on reaching. Having scrambled down the rock they found themselves confronted by a blank wall of ice, inclined at about 45°, and stretching away some hundreds of feet to the glacier below. Time was precious, mists were gathering round, and the position of the party, though picturesque, was undesirable for a permanence. Accordingly the ropes were tied together, one of the guides was let down some hundred feet and proceeded to cut steps in the polished surface by which the rest might proceed. All were then lowered, and when it came to the last man's turn, he hung the rope over a projecting rock, and let himself down half-way to a point to which one of his companions had cut steps from below. Presently the snow-slope was safely reached, the men firmly tied together, Alpenstocks placed alternately right and left, and at the word *Vorwärts!* the whole party shot away with a yell down the soft snow into the gloom beneath. Mr. Stephen's descriptions are most spirited, and his genuine affection for the scene of his labours has something pleasingly humorous about it. A Paradise without mountains would be no Paradise for him; and Alps, he thinks, must be felt and trod on in order to be duly appreciated. "A man can no more feel the true mountain spirit without having been into the very heart and up to the very tops of the mountains than he can know what the sea is like by standing on the shore. It is just as easy to evolve the idea of a mountain-top out of the depths of your moral consciousness as that of a camel."

Our limits forbid us to dwell at any length on several other excellent articles. Mr. Clark, the Public Orator at Cambridge, was at Naples during the recent revolution, and accompanied the Dictator on his victorious entry into the city. His letters are left as written at the time; and though this, of course, involves some repetition, the impression produced is far fresher and more real than if subsequent observations had been introduced. Mr. Clark, though a keen traveller, does not seem to have forgotten his academic status, and on one occasion he triumphantly confronted a French gentleman with a series of Platonic interrogations, and caused him to beat an ignominious retreat with, "Diable! mon cher Monsieur, comme vous vous posez on Socrate." *Apropos* of popular ignorance, he says that his guide at Herculaneum informed him that that city was built before the flood, that the flood occurred two hundred years (*due secole*) ago, and that Jesus Christ made a big ship, in which Signore Noe was allowed to escape. A landlord of the name of Diomède, at Pompeii, jocularly announced—"Je ne suis pas ce terrible Diomède, qui faisait tant de peur aux Troiens et Cæsar," the last two words being gracefully thrown in to round off an imposing sentence; and a woman at Naples, praying for the cure of her son, was careful to give the right address—"Vieni, Maria, vieni, numero tredici, vicolo della Scrofa, terzo piano, seconda porta a man destra."

Among the other papers, Mr. Spottiswoode gives a curious account of a tour in Croatia and Illyria, and of the long chain of fortresses which form the Austrian military frontier along the south of Hungary. The whole of this strip of territory is one great camp, and the organization of the country is formed simply with a view to the necessities of warfare, and with complete disregard to the interests of the unfortunate populations, whom it dooms to a life of hopeless and unrequited hardship. The editor of the volume, Mr. Galton, accompanied the scientific expedition which went last autumn to Spain for the purpose of observing the eclipse. His account reads as if all parties concerned had thoroughly enjoyed themselves; and some hints which he gives about portable appliances for sleeping out at night will, we should think, be of great service to those mountain excursionists whose chief difficulty at present is the necessity of making each day's journey complete in itself. It is perhaps ungracious to find fault where there is so much to approve; but we cannot help suggesting to the author of *A Gossip on a Sutherland Hill-side* that the world has already had a good deal of the same sort of thing, and that archaeological information does not become any the livelier for being thrown into the form of stiff dialogue—that a ride to the hills can be imagined without the aid of such expressions as "Trundle along, pownie!"—and that "Hoot-toot, deed, no, sir!" is an unnecessarily long, and not particularly amusing way of saying "No."

JARVES' ART STUDIES.*

THE special interest of this work is derived from the fact, that it comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Jarves treads a well-beaten path, and there is very little that is new in his disquisitions on the old masters of the Italian school. The same story has been told hundreds of times with every degree of literary and artistic ability; and, whether it be told well or ill, it seems never to want readers in the old country. It is in all respects an excellent thing that at last we are able to point, not only to readers, but to a writer on high art among our American cousins. It is no wonder, and no discredit to a young

* *Art Studies: The Old Masters of Italy—Painting.* By James Jackson Jarves. Two Vols. New York, 1861.

country, that matters of art and taste have been hitherto subordinated to material and political interests. There has been no lack of refined and highly-educated Americans; but as they have for the most part held aloof—most unfortunately—from the active political struggles of their country, so they have too often seemed to think their fellow-countrymen incapable of sharing their own interest and enthusiasm for the arts which adorn and embellish life. As Mr. Jarves intends his *Art Studies* for an American audience, let us hope that there is at last a public ready to give him a sympathetic welcome. It is pleasant to be able to say that he seems to be a very competent and trustworthy guide as a writer upon art. The numerous illustrations of his book, engraved by Vincenzo Stanghi, a pupil of Raphael Morghen, are exceedingly good; and the typography and getting-up of the volume, in exact imitation of the style of Mr. Murray's latest books about art, are in all respects creditable to Transatlantic taste.

Mr. Jarves speaks very plainly and boldly in the introductory chapters which precede the more formal art disquisitions of his book. We need not follow him in his metaphysical speculations on the subject of abstract beauty. How to encourage the diffusion and progress of art is his main practical object. He admits that this can only be done in America by spreading a taste for art and some knowledge of it in the public mind. It is the same in Europe, however much Mr. Jarves may doubt it. Though his language is ambiguous and inconsistent, our author appears to wish that the initiative in matters of art, science, and religion should be taken by the Government. The example of Munich, where a Royal patronage of art in every form resulted in the excessive decoration of the capital, but utterly failed in producing a living school of artists, shows that the plant requires favourable conditions of growth, and not merely hot-house cultivation. But there is no reason that the fine arts should not flourish in a free community, even under a republican form of Government. In fact the highest triumphs of art have been achieved under the freedom of the democracy of Athens and the municipal liberties of mediæval Italy. Mr. Jarves, in spite of a somewhat desponding tone, seems to see that there may yet be a great future for the art of America. The following passage is curious and suggestive:—

Yet in the epic struggle of life going on in America, resolving rough and serious problems of all sorts, in which struggle our population seem to be ever striving to catch up with something that as constantly eludes their grasp, how can one hope to persuade the people to borrow even a few moments from their great match with time to give heed to the lessons and enjoyments of art? The author, while in America, finds himself, voluntarily or not, borne rapidly along by the great tide of human action, and also feels the thrill of the eager pursuit after that practical and material ideal of success which gives strength to our national sinews, endurance to our frames, and intensity to our intellectual energies. With all this he can and does cordially sympathize. Not, however, as an end, but as a means of the true greatness which is ultimately to be born to us as a nation. It is a cause of rejoicing to belong to a *working* epoch; of delight to perceive the germs of those grand destinies which, if we are true to the principles of Christian freedom, will at our ripened touch burst forth into vigorous life. The nobility and beauty of that art which is herein delineated were the fruits of the democratic energies and faith of mediæval Italy, akin in spirit to those which, in our own blood, are preparing our country for an equally glorious career in art, while Italy herself, as a united whole, is uprising to a new birth, to keep us company in the drama of progress. Whatever, therefore, each American or Italian can find to do to hasten the national advance in art, science, or religion, he should do it with his whole heart and soul.

The author tries to do his part towards accomplishing this end by impressing upon his countrymen the danger of exclusive devotion to material prosperity, and by recommending to them the culture of art as a corrector of the opposite extreme, and as a refining and purifying influence in national and social life. He points out how the fine arts appeal to all the higher qualities of our nature, how they aid the religious faculty, and exercise and enlarge the intellect. Scarcely less important is their influence upon manners. "A correct taste," he declares, "is akin to correct morals; purity of habits to purity of mind; while public order and cleanliness are indispensable to a high degree of artistic development." These assertions are enforced with some vigour and ability; though the argument would not be very convincing to an unbeliever, and though the literary style is inflated and affected. Mr. Jarves, however, has our best sympathy in his endeavours to persuade his readers that art is not "the peculiar province of the few born to genius, or the isolated department of egotistical amateurs," but the birthright and heritage of all. The next step is to show that art, though free to all, is not spontaneous. It depends upon education and training. Mr. Jarves would rather that the popular estimate of art were guided by professors and academies than left to the independent control of "enlightened criticism." Hence he urges upon the American Government the necessity of founding galleries and museums; and contrasts with the short-sighted policy of the United States the liberal support of the National Gallery by the British Legislature. At this point our author makes a digression, in which he discusses the proper construction and arrangement of a picture gallery. As to the latter, of course he advocates an historical or chronological system. The Pitti Gallery at Florence is quoted as an example of the worst possible arrangement. The Louvre is infinitely better, but still the plan upon which its contents are hung can scarcely be considered as deserving in all respects to be a model. Mr. Jarves would have his national museum embrace the art of all countries, all ages, and all branches. The art of Christendom, for instance, is to comprise "Latin, Byzantine, Lombard, Mediæval, Renaissance,

and Protestant art, subdivided into its diversified schools or leading ideas, all graphically arranged, so as to demonstrate, amid the infinite varieties of humanity, a divine unity of origin and design, linking together mankind into one common family." How far the present encouraging state of art in England is owing to the foundation of the National Gallery in 1823, it is not easy to determine. For our own part, we believe that the mere possession of a collection, even of masterpieces, will not create a national taste for art, however much it may foster it. The formation of our National Gallery was a result, rather than the cause, of the revival of art in England; although in turn it reacted favourably upon the popular feeling. Mr. Jarves could not be better employed than in endeavouring to awaken the interest of his fellow-countrymen in the claims of art. Thus he is preparing the way for some national effort to afford an artistic education such as has been provided by our own South Kensington Museum, and its affiliated schools of art, for which he expresses an unqualified admiration. His hope seems to be that if the nucleus of a collection is made by private liberality, it will soon claim and deserve support from the Government. It is curious that in all these suggestions no hint is given as to whether the author is looking for aid to the Federal Government or to the Governments of the several States. Nor, again, is any opinion expressed as to the proper place in which such an institution should be founded for the use of the whole American community. The political disruption of the Confederation will inevitably retard the realization of our author's schemes.

When we remember the few advantages for the study of art possessed by American connoisseurs, we shall not be surprised to find the present writer devoting a section of his introductory chapter to the question of the tests of authenticity of old pictures. It has become a standing joke here that a private collection in America contains nothing but first-rate works of the greatest masters; and it has been asserted that some enterprising Manchester houses export Raffaelles and Leonardos by the dozen. Really this seems not to be an exaggeration; for Mr. Jarves says that he has been called upon "by a countryman to admire his gallery of Claudes, Poussins, Rembrandts, Murillos, and Titians, for which he had expended a princely sum, but which there was no difficulty, to one initiated, in recognising as the sort of 'roba' got up expressly to entrap the unwary." And he speaks with indignation of the "vulgar shams from the well-known *manufactories* of paintings in France, England, and other parts." Accordingly he lays down a number of rules as to the technical peculiarities and the characteristic spirit and feeling of various schools, to guide a would-be collector in his search for "originals." He describes, evidently from personal knowledge, the studio of an Italian forger of antique bronzes and terra-cottas, and recapitulates the cunning tactics of the "sensali" or jackals (so to say) of the dealers in counterfeits. We fear that Mr. Jarves, like most other travellers, has bought his experience of these gentry dearly. Here is his picture:—

No sooner has the stranger gone to his hotel than a watch is put upon his movements, and bribery and cajolery used to get access to him. It is the *sensale's* business to discover and offer pictures. He is supposed to know the locality of every one, good or bad, in his neighbourhood. However jealous of each other, all are loyally pledged together to take in the stranger. Leagued with the dealer, artist, owner, courier, or servant, with every one, in fact, that by any possibility can stand between the buyer and his object, it has become almost an impossibility, especially for transient visitors, to purchase anything whatever without paying a heavy toll to intermediaries.

Then he recounts the favourite tricks of the trade—the aristocratic seals affixed to mysteriously boxed pictures—the dirtying the surface—the selection of old damaged frames—the pretended discovery of the treasure in some old palace or church or convent—and the other expedients familiar to all youthful tourists in Italy. In spite of all these difficulties, Mr. Jarves tells us that wonderful bargains may sometimes be had by a lucky chance. He reminds us that the "Leda" of Leonardo, sold in Paris for thirty dollars at the sale of Louis Philippe's pictures in 1849, has been resold for 100,000 francs. An "Angel," by the same artist, bought at Florence for a few pence, passed into Prince Galitzin's collection for 22,000 francs; and the "Fortune," by Michael Angelo, bought for three shillings, was sold again in Paris for 300 dollars, with the pension of a dollar a day during the lives of the seller and his son. This section will be found very amusing and useful on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other. Of course Mr. Jarves does not spare European collections, public or private; and we rather sympathize with him in his dislike of the custom, now so fashionable, of constantly changing the presumed authorship of a picture according to the last dicta of some great authority in criticism. Upon the whole, we can warmly commend the matter and manner of these introductory disquisitions.

It is unnecessary to follow this writer in his discussion of the general characteristics of the successive schools of Christian art. He has gone to the usual sources of information, but has not slavishly copied his authorities. There are many proofs of an independent and generally sound judgment; and his views of art, though eclectic, are such as we can generally endorse. The illustrations are pretty well chosen, and add a considerable charm to the volume. We may mention, with some surprise, that there are many errors of spelling which we can scarcely attribute to the printer. We have already noticed the occasional inflation of the style; and there is perhaps less reticence and delicacy of

language on some points than is usual in the best English literature. Mr. Jarves more than once expresses his serious doubts whether his fellow-countrymen are ripe for the reception of these Art Studies. We hope that he will find his apprehensions groundless. The conclusion is rather remarkable, as testifying to the writer's private opinions. He seems to augur a bright future for American art as connected with the "New Church" which is shortly (as he expects) to be developed out of various existing religious forms. So far as we can understand him, it is a Broad or Eclectic Church which is to be the Church of the Future, and to stamp its own character on Transatlantic art.

LES ANGLAIS, LONDRES, ET L'ANGLETERRE.*

THIS little book will supply a gap on the bookshelves of many an intelligent Zouave. For the next few years it will be of service to him in the long winter evenings when he wishes to be moral, and to stigmatize as they deserve the vices of mankind. It denounces unsparingly and fearlessly the immoralities of the English nation. It tears away the veil that hitherto had shrouded our delinquencies, and shows us in our true colours. No wonder M. Dentu published it without hesitation. No wonder that M. Emile de Girardin kindly contributed one of his remarkable political essays as a preface, pointing out, with the fidelity and candour of a friend, the many faults in the character of Englishmen which render him unable to love them. M. Larcher, a gentleman unknown to fame, though apparently a friend to virtue, has divided his work into little chapters, and devoted each to some criminal propensity of our race. An index is given at the end, with our sins ranged in alphabetical order; so that the least intelligent of the Zouaves can turn to the particular sin he wants in half a minute. He will find it under Inhumanity, or Drunkenness, or Polygamy, or Cock-fighting, or some of the other appropriate headings. There is, indeed, one mystery about the book which we are almost unable to solve. It is easy to understand M. Larcher's abhorrence of our faults; but why does he interweave occasional chapters upon English barley with his full and frequent denunciations of English immorality? Then, again, why the table of weights and measures at the end? The answer probably is, that all great writers write in advance of their age. M. Larcher writes not only for the Zouaves of to-day, but for the Zouaves of to-morrow. It will be apparent why M. Larcher inserted the table of weights and measures, on the day when those victorious sons of glory wander through the captured streets of London, despairing of the English language, yet determined to purchase English wares.

The days when Englishmen were under the impression that Frenchmen were chiefly dancing-masters, and lived unostentatiously and cheaply upon frogs, are past. Either we have grown wiser, or else Frenchmen have changed their ways. But Englishmen have not yet grown out of barbarism. Here is M. Girardin, who, having written a preface to a book, must be taken to endorse what is in it, and who accordingly feels that Englishmen are no better than Kaffirs. We are the moral Chinese of the West. This will be a sad and a touching thought for the virtuous and refined Zouave. Within a few hundred miles of his very camp there is a country the inhabitants of which are, alas, to a man, immoral. M. Emile de Girardin, it is true, has hopes that we may ultimately be reformed. M. Larcher has very little hope. However, the two friends agree to extract a moral from our melancholy history, for the author of the preface and the author of the book are friends. M. Emile de Girardin informs us of the fact; and looking at the gentlemanly tone of the volume, side by side with the tone of its preface, we see no reason to doubt it. As to the literary merits of this little work we say nothing. We merely will remark that talents of a peculiar order are requisite for those whose business it is to compose for French corporals. Nobody knows this better than M. Emile de Girardin, who, if we may judge from the style of some of his productions, has been told off, before now, to write for the Zouaves himself.

M. Larcher has done his duty by his melancholy subject, and collected a number of opinions upon England to back his own. "The English are all horribly-debauched," says Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, with tremendous impartiality. M. Larcher quotes the remark, as is his business, and follows it up with others of the kind. A lady of the name of Flora Tristan is as severe, and takes her stand upon as highly virtuous principles as any of his authorities. She seems to be a moral sort of person, who has apparently been, in a strictly inquiring spirit, to the Argyll Rooms, or similar places of resort, from which she has returned gloomy and denunciative. If, indeed, she has seen there one-half of what M. Larcher describes as the amusement of those who frequent such places, we do not wonder at her misanthropical feelings. It is the great pleasure, he tells us, of the English roué to make women and young girls drunk, and having done so to force down their throats a compound of mustard, gall, and vinegar. Many and many Englishmen will spend willingly pounds and pounds in procuring themselves this ignoble pleasure. In vain the children in the streets cry to him for bread. They have not eaten since yesterday. They are dying of hunger, and beg for a penny or for food. Fruitless prayers! "The Englishman is deaf, impassive. But follow him, follow this man, whose heart is so hard. You will see him spend gold on gold to purchase an

emotion; fling gold on gold away to procure a slight satisfaction." What wonder, if this be true, that Madame Flora Tristan is sad. "Oh, how repulsive this gross life of appetites and interests. Never did a society present so hideous an aspect! Had St. Paul been a spectator of English depravity, he would have shaken the dust from his feet, and with a terrible anathema have fled for ever from such an island."

The besetting sin of England, M. Larcher regrets to state, or rather one of her besetting sins, is intoxication. It is with us, to use his own words, "almost a virtue." Evening parties or "routs" among the middle classes present a terrible spectacle to a refined eye. The visitors drink port, sherry, madeira, and liqueurs. No guest is allowed, if possible, to remain sober. "Enivrer ses convives, c'est la gloire du maître." The saddest thought is yet to come. The ladies of England like this horrid vice! An habitual drunkard neither loses the respect of his male, nor offends his female friends. The English ladies, says M. Larcher, are the "accomplices of drunkenness." Worse than this, they drink themselves. They have, as is generally allowed in England, a fatal passion for brandy. Awful orgies take place in the drawing-room when the gentlemen, innocent and unsuspecting, remain to discuss politics round the dinner-table:—

Nous avons parlé de l'indulgence des dames anglaises pour l'ivrognerie; maintenant nous devons dire un mot de leur faible pour le cognac. Dans la bonne société, les femmes qui ont cette malheureuse passion, se cachent soigneusement; elles ne boivent ordinairement que dans leur chambre à coucher. Lorsqu'on a du monde à dîner, les femmes se retirent après avoir bu un petit verre de vin, et pendant que les hommes vident les bouteilles de porto, madeira, bourdeaux, et champagne, il arrive souvent que les dames vident des bouteilles de cognac. . . . Le Général Pillet dit que les femmes du grand monde se mettent souvent dans certain état que nous appelons entre deux vins. "Vers l'âge de quarante ans," dit-il, "toute femme anglaise comme il faut, s'enivre avant de se coucher."

Three hundred pages filled with writing in some places even grosser than the above, make us occasionally doubt whether M. Larcher is a maniac or only a buffoon. Whichever of the two he may be, he has hit upon an amusing rhetorical device for lending weight to his remarkable anecdotes of English life and manners. If what he is going to say bears hardly upon Englishwomen, he represents the remark as having been made by an Englishman. If he intends to be severe on Englishmen, Englishwomen are the authorities he quotes to bear him out. Mr. Toots used to write himself letters from great personages. M. Larcher is an ethnological Toots. Englishmen and Englishwomen of all ranks take him into their confidence. They tell him all the troubles connected with their nationality. His male friends point to the enormous appetites of Englishwomen. His female friends complain of the stupidity of Englishmen. Armed with his colloquial Englishmen and his confidential Englishwomen, M. Larcher is never at a loss, and fires right and left. Now and then, for a change, he has recourse to a letter of the alphabet. "Mme. X. me racontait un jour." "Miss B. disait, il y a quelque temps." Who is this strange Mme. X. and this remarkable Miss B., who have such insight into the characteristics of their countrymen? It is not given to us to know. M. Larcher and history are silent as to all particulars.

Has tantum teris ostendunt fata, neque ultra
Esse sinunt.

We cannot help feeling, however, that this method of convicting us out of the mouth of imaginary heroes and heroines of M. Larcher's acquaintance is very cruel. If every man is to be allowed the privilege of composing his own statistics as he goes, accurate and careful travelling will be at a discount. What can we say to M. Larcher if he tells us that a young English lady of the name of Miss B. told him that she found everybody but Frenchmen stupid and immoral? We cannot say of a person so well known as Miss B. what Mrs. Prig said of Mrs. Harris. We cannot for a moment venture to disbelieve M. Larcher's word. The word of a man who writes for the Zouaves is as good as his oath. Both are alike invaluable. We can only say, long live the estimable and communicative Miss B. Long live the careful and scrupulous M. Larcher. And when next this candid pair converse—whether it be in Leicester-square or in the Champs Elysées—may we be there to see; and may she display half the *penchant* for M. Larcher's conversation which, he modestly hints, it has been usual for impassioned Englishwomen to display up to the present time.

The contrast between the wickedness of the English and the domestic virtues that flourish and abound in France, is gravely and ably drawn by the author of the work before us. The English care but for comfort and respectability. The Frenchman looks for virtue. The Frenchman is repaid even in this life. The Graces smile upon his birth. He can dance; he can talk; he can enchant society. The Englishman, how brutal!—how gross! how silent and awkward, and reserved! It is true, says M. Larcher, frankly, that now-a-days "it is not excessively rare" to find in London a polite Englishman. But the highest virtue to which an Englishman can hope to attain is that of generous and liberal eccentricity. Occasionally a rich Englishman will be eccentric and give money with no grudging hand. M. Larcher tells a story of this, suppressing only, as his prudence bids him, the names of the parties concerned. It will form a valuable addition to Sterne's famous "Chapter upon Noses:—"

Les singularités de ce genre ne sont pas fort rares en Angleterre. Ainsi, il y a quelques années, un riche habitant de Londres meurt et laisse à Miss B. . . . qui ne la connaissait nullement, une fortune s'élevant à plusieurs millions.

* *Les Anglais, Londres, et l'Angleterre.* Par L. J. Larcher. Avec une Introduction par Emile de Girardin. Paris: Dentu.

"Je supplie, écrit-il, Miss B.... d'accepter le don de ma fortune entière, trop faible auprès des inexprimables sensations que m'a fait éprouver pendant trois ans la contemplation de son adorable nez."

The English being brutal, immoral, vulgar, stupid, silent, selfish, and eccentric, is there no remedy for their condition? M. Larcher is not the man to point out a malady without disclosing its cause. The origin of all English immorality—that immorality which is so hideous and indescribable—is to be found in Bibles. M. Larcher puts his view, like a modest man, in the shape of an interrogation. Is it not Bibles which are the cause? If so, why not do away with Bibles?

En s'en débarrassant, les Anglais ne s'en débarrassent-ils pas l'immoralité? Tout le monde a des Bibles en Angleterre, et c'est le pays où les mœurs sont le plus relâchées. Pourquoi n'essaie-t-on pas de remplacer ce livre par un autre qui contiendrait seulement ce qu'il est bon et utile de connaître, et que l'on pourrait intituler: *La science pratique de la vie*?

This remarkable and extremely simple solution proposed by M. Larcher for the difficulties of the position, this panacea for general immorality, convinces us that he is, after all, a lunatic. As we have hinted before, this is really the most charitable view. The most brutal of Englishmen would not have written of any civilized country in the world as this strange foreigner writes of the English people. We believe that no sane French gentleman would have written *Les Anglais, Londres, et l'Angleterre*, or devoted three hundred pages to incoherent abuse and wildly impossible stories of any European country and its inhabitants. We are willing to believe that few French gentlemen, such a book having been written, would indorse its stupid brutalities by writing for it a preface. It is instructive, however, to know that such a book can be written and read by Frenchmen. It is also instructive to know that a notorious, if not an eminent, journalist and pamphleteer is not ashamed to call the writer his friend. M. Larcher, let it henceforward be understood, is a friend of M. Emile de Girardin, and M. Emile de Girardin is apparently pleased with the thought.

THOUGHTS ON PREACHING.*

IF there is any chance that Mr. Moore's book will raise the standard of English preaching, most of our readers will agree that it is a very well-timed publication. The laity of the English Church are divided enough upon most questions of religion; but the dulness of English sermons is a question with regard to which there is no heterodoxy at all. By a remarkable and most unhappy caprice of fate, the age which, beyond every other age, craves for novelty and brilliancy in intellectual productions, is precisely the age which the clergy have selected for reducing their sermons to an insipidity that has no precedent. Mr. Moore himself is one of the rare exceptions whose contrast illustrates the rule, and therefore he can speak plainly on the matter without fear of a retort; and his words are as strong as any layman who respects clerical proprieties could desire:—

If, in view of the onward intellectual movement, we, the preachers of the Gospel, are satisfied to hang back, and expect our orthodoxy or our goodness to do everything—if we imagine that the thoughtful intellects in our congregations will be satisfied by the preparation of a few sheets of unobjectionable pious dulness—in a word, if we determine to leave to the world and the disputers of the world on the week-day all the varied illustration, all the careful reasoning, all the exactness of philosophic statement, whilst we, on the Sunday, are content to eke out our spare and sparse material by the profuse interlarding of Scripture texts, or else to clothe with the thinnest and most unsubstantial integuments some borrowed skeleton, we shall become guilty of a criminal surrender of the highest functions of the Ministry.

Most laymen can testify from their own experience that this is rather a lenient description of the average pulpit eloquence of the day. The only question is, whether the author's well-meant volume of instructions will do much to mend such a state of things? To exhort men to be interesting instead of dull shows a very amiable zeal, but at the same time is a very unprofitable waste of ink. It is like exhorting a cow to gallop gracefully, or lecturing a whale on the impolicy of blowing. If nature bids a man preach stupidly, nature is stronger than art; and all the cogency of Mr. Moore's arguments will not induce him to preach cleverly. It is of no use to fight against the "unwilling Minerva;" and, in the case of the majority of preachers, Minerva is more than usually recalcitrant. It is quite true, as Mr. Moore urges, that cases may be pointed out in which mere earnestness and fervour of devotion have more than supplied the want of intellectual power, and have enabled very mediocre men to draw crowded audiences. But this is a quality rare enough to be spoken of as a special talent, to whatever psychological origin, whatever combination of the natural and the supernatural, it is to be referred. It may be questioned how far it is possible to make men genuinely fervid by encouraging them to aim at fervour; and at all events few people will be made earnest by the consideration that earnestness will improve their preaching.

To a certain extent, greater care and better teaching would raise the general level of sermons. Probably a little more vigour of style and a little less sleepiness of delivery might be artificially attained; but it is unreasonable to expect any very palpable improvement so long as the work and the workers are what they are now. Sydney Smith used to say that writing an article was a thing which everybody fancied they could do. That delusion has probably evaporated in a great degree by this

time; but every layman seems to think that nothing would be easier than to write an effective sermon. Nobody appears to consider the difficulties which surround the production of that kind of composition. The "disputers of the world," to whose example Mr. Moore appeals, have fresh matter to write about every day or every week, while the preacher has to handle a subject threadbare with the incessant wear of eighteen centuries, in respect to which there is nothing new to tell or to enforce, and which the mass of his hearers have been accustomed to look at in every conceivable light from their childhood upwards. Mr. Moore challenges his fellow-labourers to rival the "varied illustration" of the disputers of the world. How much of varied illustration does he think that daily or weekly journalism would exhibit if our pens were restricted to an endless commentary on the British Constitution? The mere imagination of the dulness which would be the result is sufficient to curdle the blood with horror. But even this hypothesis does not furnish a just comparison. The disputers of the world, even if restricted to a single subject, would still have boundless discretion as to treatment. They might deal with the subject lightly or gravely, put forward new views or old, indulge in commonplace or paradox, according to their discretion or their caprice. They would be equally unfettered as to style; they would be subject to no restraints but those of ordinary good taste; no technology or special phrases would be imposed upon them; no kind of illustration would be forbidden to them; every variety of English composition would be at their service, from the loftiest poetics to the bluntest colloquialism. None of this freedom, either in treatment or style, is granted to the preacher. Eccentricities which are piquant anywhere else are naturally a capital offence in a sermon. The requirements of religion and the stupendous interests with which it deals enforce considerable restraint, and the over-zeal of religious partisans has imposed a good deal more. The effort after literary grace in the composition of a sermon is what Mr. Ruskin calls a fetter-dance. The preacher is required to step out with eloquence in chains the heaviest to which any department of human thought was ever subjected. Thousands of subtle and acute intellects have combined to forge them so that the least possible play of limb shall be allowed. We do not dispute that to a great extent this is inevitable if any definite form of faith is to be preached; only it is obvious that such a state of things is not favourable to the display of intellectual or literary power. The preacher's way lies along a path honey-combed with pitfalls, and he is hardly to blame if his gait is hesitating and constrained. If he avoids doctrine and confines himself to morality alone, he will find himself convicted of the horrible guilt of being a "legal" and a "carnal" minister. If he ventures upon doctrine, he must proceed with the circumspection of a special pleader framing a declaration. As long as he clings to the "common forms" his sermon may sound stale, but his orthodoxy will be safe. But he knows as he writes that the bloodhounds of controversy are watching him with hungry eyes, and that, at the slightest symptom of originality, *Union or Record* will fly at his throat. This is an evil which, as controversies multiply, grows worse year by year. No religion of course can exist without imposing some kind of limit upon human diversities of opinion; but, relying on this unquestionable axiom, controversialists seem to think they can do no better service than by seizing every opportunity to advance the enclosures and narrow the debateable ground. It is not our province to discuss the effect of this tendency upon religion itself. But upon the preacher—if he does not shun doctrine altogether—it has the effect of forcing him either to brave the reputation of heterodoxy and the harassing warfare it entails, or else to content himself with reciting lifeless formulas which all his congregation have by heart. One of the commonest results is to drive him to take refuge in that "profuse interlarding of Scripture texts" which Mr. Moore justly condemns as one of the most conspicuous faults of the present style of preaching. The truth is, that it is only when he is employing Scripture phraseology that the preacher feels himself at ease. Whatever sense he employs it in, he knows that he is secure from attack. But this expedient gives to his sermon the appearance rather of an ingenious verbal puzzle than of a vehicle for conveying thought from mind to mind.

It is not surprising that a work of such enormous difficulty should miscarry in the hands to which it is entrusted. To produce weekly about two sheets octavo of composition upon a subject the very reverse of fresh, and under the most vigorous censorship both of opinions and style, and to make it lively, is a task that might puzzle even the ingenious *littérateurs* who cultivate political discussion under the shadow of Napoleonism. That it should defy the powers of the majority of the eighteen or nineteen thousand clergy who have come to it with no special talent, and rarely with any other preparation than that of having learnt enough Divinity to pass an examination, is a phenomenon that should surprise nobody, and ought not to be imputed to their blame. In olden times, men did not preach unless they had a gift that way. In other countries, at the present time, preachers are sedulously trained. But in England we have a spice of Dogberry's philosophy, and hold that preaching, like reading and writing, comes by nature. Unfortunately, the case is complicated by the fact noticed by Mr. Moore, and confirmed by the authority of the Bishop of Oxford, that every year the Church gets a smaller and smaller proportion of the talent of the nation. It has been due to several causes. A

* *Thoughts on Preaching, especially in relation to the Requirements of the Age.* By D. Moore, M.A. London: Hatchard. 1861.

season of lukewarmness is always the reaction on a season of spasmodic fervour. The mere prevalence of fierce controversy will attract men into orders who have no special turn for the profession; and when the stimulus ceases, the extraordinary supply will cease at the same time. But the most potent cause of the aversion which the higher class of minds are learning to feel for the service of the Church, is no doubt the system of vexation and insult of which the clergy are held to be in a special sense the fitting victims. The dragooning of bishops, the persecution of mobs, the accusations of dishonesty and falsehood and sordid motives, which are the favourite weapons of controversy in these days, make up a picture of a clergyman's career which is telling with fatal effect on the applications for ordination. Men of independent minds will not submit to begin the experiences of their boyhood again, to find new bullies in their vestry, and a new schoolmaster in their bishop. Whatever the cause, the fact of the growing deterioration of clerical calibre seems to be attested by common consent. That the standard of sermons should be deteriorating too, is only a matter of inevitable necessity. In such a state of things there is but one remedy. If a good sermon is an article which is rare and hard to get, the only cure is to exercise self-denial on that head, and to lessen our consumption. Or, to put it in another way, if the severity of our punishment cannot be mitigated, at all events its duration may be shortened.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bellicose title of M. Villiaumé's octavo,* the reader must not suppose that its design is to serve as a comment on the famous rhyme, "gloire—victoire," or to be the panegyric of war. Quite the reverse. The preface might do credit to the stanchest member of the Peace Society, the introductory motto is taken from the Book of Psalms, and the leading idea which prevails throughout the volume is that a state of warfare can be justified neither from an economic nor a moral point of view. The fallen condition of our nature has, however, rendered us essentially militant, and we must make the best of the circumstances amidst which we are placed. When should we have recourse to the *ultima ratio*?—what are the most efficient means of carrying on war?—such is the double problem raised and solved by M. Villiaumé. His work is at the same time a treatise on international law and a manual of strategy; and its chief characteristic is the clearness with which the author discusses the opinions of the most celebrated tacticians of all ages. M. Villiaumé has succeeded in giving considerable interest to a subject which appears naturally tedious, by embodying in his narrative a variety of anecdotes (a few hitherto unpublished) of the military commanders whose operations he criticises; and he concludes with a chapter, entitled *Des Privilèges et Destinées du Peuple Français*. In this chapter he merely expresses his opinion of what his fellow-countrymen ought to do in the war which, he thinks, must break out at no distant period on the Rhenish and Italian frontiers. He deems that the Revolutionary Government of 1848 was decidedly wrong in not interfering on behalf of the oppressed nations of the Continent; and he asserts that the hour has come for France to throw her whole influence unhesitatingly on the side of liberty.

The author of *L'Esprit de la Guerre* is not the only one who (in the abstract, at least) wishes us to transform our swords into pruning-hooks. The scheme of universal brotherhood has also engaged the attention of M. Allan Kardec; and we are told in the *Livre des Médiûmes*† that we may look forward to a glorious millennium of peace and good-will as soon as the doctrines of spirit-rapping, table-turning, and animal magnetism are accepted by this at present deluded generation. If we knew nothing of Cagliostro, Mesmer, and Jacob Böhme, we might well wonder at the extraordinary ravings of M. Allan Kardec. But delusions are not a whit more impossible now than they were a hundred years ago; and accordingly, after giving us in the *Livre des Esprits* the philosophy of what he calls the *science spirite*, our author, on the present occasion, supplies us with a handbook of practice. We are now (*o fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint!* . . .) in full possession of the means of communication with the invisible world; and we can conjure up spirits at a much smaller expense than Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, or Michael Scot ever dreamt of in days gone by. It is true that the poetry of "gramarye" has completely vanished from *Le Livre des Médiûmes*, but in these commonplace, degenerate days it could hardly be otherwise; and besides, the *vocabulaire spirite* which forms the first part of M. Allan Kardec's volume, contains almost as much jargon as can be found in the cabalistic book of Cornelius Agrippa himself. The *Livre des Médiûmes*, like the other productions of the same author, is a curious monument of the philosophical tendencies of the age, and on that account it deserves to be studied. The vocabulary just mentioned is followed by a refutation of materialism, in which the unbelievers in *spiritisme* are somewhat roughly handled; and then comes a classification of the various denizens of the spiritual cosmos. The second part explains the manifestations of the spirits, and gives rules to obtain these manifestations; and the whole

concludes with a series of *pièces justificatives*, being nothing else than commendatory notices of spirit-rapping forwarded from the other world by Fénelon, Saint Augustine, Pascal, Channing, and Madame Émile de Girardin!

It is high time, however, that we should descend to substantial matters. Under the title *Varia*‡ an anonymous writer has collected together a number of articles on political subjects which were published some time since in a provincial paper. These fragments, written from the Liberal point of view, are remarkable not only by their calmness and impartiality, but also on account of the originality and research which they evince. In French newspaper articles we too often find everything sacrificed to effect; the journalist aims at being smart, and believes that smartness, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. The author of *Varia* is of a different opinion. He is conscious that he has some important truths to tell, and he tells them, without caring much for the immediate effect. The second paper in the volume is extremely valuable. Thoroughly opposed to the prevailing system of centralization, the writer wishes to strike it at the root, and he proves that the division of France into departments, decreed by the earliest Revolutionary Assembly, is the very first thing which should be done away with. This division was determined upon, not in order to establish national unity, but merely to satisfy that craving after innovation which at that time prevailed everywhere. The hypothesis that the departments are nearly equal in point of size, and therefore equal in importance, falls to the ground if we only consider that the riches of a country are the true test of its importance, and not its geographical extent. The concluding paper of the *recueil*, entitled *Des Avantages de la Province*, is a further protest against the absorbing influence of Paris. It is not a new question why fashion, taste, political life, should be centralized within the *murs d'octroi* of the mud metropolis; and when the fatal days of June, 1848, once more threatened to destroy the whole fabric of society, many of those who fought in the ranks of General Cavaignac's army inquired anxiously whether the caprice of a Parisian *canaille* was for ever to decide the destinies of France. The author of *Varia* has certainly done his best to demonstrate that the provinces have also some claim to be heard; and if his volume may be taken as a fair average of non-Parisian ability, the epithet *provincial*, applied by Madame de Sévigné as the synonym of stupid, must speedily vanish from the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*.

M. Barthélemy Hauréau, the learned continuator of the *Gallia Christiana*, the historian of scholasticism, the French Benedictine of the nineteenth century, has just revised and printed in a cheap form a series of monographs, as they are now called, relating to the annals of mediæval philosophy. He begins by explaining the title which he has selected for his book, *Singularités Historiques et Littéraires*.† Students well acquainted with the erudite literature of France during the eighteenth century will remember that Dom Jean Liron, a member of the celebrated congregation of Saint Maur, published under the same title, between the years 1734 and 1740, four small octavos, embracing the fruits of his discoveries amongst the MS. treasures preserved in the libraries of Marmoutiers and of Saint Vincent. M. Hauréau simply aims at taking up Liron's idea, and adding to the Benedictine's *Singularités* a few more chapters embodying the results of modern erudition. The monastic communities of Ireland, the lives of Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, and of Smaragdus, first Abbot of Costellion, the dispute between Gaunilo and Archbishop Anselm, are only some of the topics introduced by M. Hauréau in a volume which deserves to take its place as a sequel to M. Cousin's *Fragments Philosophiques*. The preface, we are glad to see, announces further instalments of these interesting papers.

The most distinguished representatives of French literature—the most influential ones, at all events—are not those whose names are written on the books of the Palais Mazarin; and although Piron was merely giving vent to his spite when he composed his well-known epitaph—

Ci-gît Piron qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien—

still we must in many cases look beyond the coterie of the Forty Immortals, if we would find out profound thinkers and men of real genius. Nay, more than that, French literature does not always mean the literature of Frenchmen; and on the other side of the Pyrenees, the Rhine, and the Alps, we see the idiom of Pascal, Corneille, and Bossuet vigorously used in the defence of principles denounced by the Ministers of the haughty Louis XIV., or the favourites of the imbecile Louis XV. M. André Sayous, in writing the *Histoire de la Littérature Française à l'Étranger*,‡ had already, a few years ago, sketched the leading features of that singular movement. He had shown us the French refugees, Bayle, Claude, Saint Evremont, Jurieu, using for the propagation of liberal ideas a language which, under the latitude of Versailles, was compelled to sound the praise of despotism. He now resumes

* *Varia; morale—politique—littéraire*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Singularités Historiques et Littéraires*, par B. Hauréau. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Le Dix-huitième Siècle à l'Étranger: Histoire de la Littérature Française dans les divers Pays de l'Europe depuis la Mort de Louis XIV. jusqu'à la Révolution Française*. Par A. Sayous. Paris: Amyot. London: Jeffs.

* *L'Esprit de la Guerre*. Par M. Villiaumé. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

† *Le Livre des Médiûmes, Guide des Médiûmes et des Evocateurs, pour faire suite au Livre des Esprits*. Par Allan Kardec. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

his subject at the point where he left it—the death of Louis XIV.—and in his *Dix-huitième Siècle à l'Étranger*, he gives us the history of French literature, out of France, down to the beginning of the Revolution. M. Sayous, himself a Genevese by birth, is an excellent illustration of the class of authors about whom he discourses. His style is clear and elegant, his critical appreciations remarkably correct, and he has had, besides, the privilege of access to unpublished papers preserved either in the State archives of Geneva and Berne, or in the splendid but not easily available library of Colonel Tronchin, who lives in the former of those two cities. The book of M. Sayous begins with a short sketch of the French Protestant refuge in London at the death of Louis XIV. We are introduced to the *habitués* of the Rainbow coffee-house, Coste, Des Maizeaux, and Moivre. We see by degrees this colony of foreigners losing its importance, and mixing with the nation to which it has been indebted for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; and finally the old Huguenots become members of the Church of England, and the persecuted subjects of his Most Christian Majesty take the oath of allegiance to George I. Holland next comes under notice—Holland, the centre of a spirited and ever-increasing literary crusade against political and religious oppression. M. Sayous gives us a full account of all the gazettes, journals, and reviews which, from the Amsterdam book shops, found their way across the French frontier in spite of the closest *surveillance*. Leclerc, Camusat, and de Sallengre, are the principal leaders in that movement, and about the same time the historian, Rapin de Thoyra, whilst describing the political vicissitudes of the English nation, hoists in his folio volumes the banner of liberty. From Holland we are taken to Switzerland, where illustrious names crowd more thickly the pages of M. Sayous. The severity of the Calvinist discipline has gradually been modified, the doctrines of the stern French reformer have lost their hold on the people, and the chiefs of the opposition are Voltaire and Rousseau, instead of those grim-looking divines who, a hundred years before, maintained the doctrine of absolute predestination as the basis of religious liberty. All this portion of the work we are now noticing is peculiarly suggestive, and from the examination of the works of Abauzit, Charles Bonnet, de Saussure, and Romilly, we are easily led to that epoch when Count Joseph de Maistre and Madame de Staël gave by their writings an imperishable glory to French literature à l'étranger.

M. Henry Murger, whose posthumous works are now published under the title *Les Nuits d'Hiver*,* was considered as the most distinguished representative of the *Bohème* school of poetry. A strange mixture of pathos and of irony, of tenderness and of dare-devilism, a somewhat easy code of morality, and, as far as style goes, a thorough detestation of conventionalisms—such are the characteristics of our French Bohemian *littérateurs*—a fraternity which claims amongst its ancestors Villon and La Fontaine. In his tales, particularly the *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, M. Henry Murger has painted with much power the vicissitudes of a mode of life which, although full of fascination to very young men, is, after all, worse than questionable in its character, for it excludes every sense of moral dignity. *La Vie de Bohème* may be defined, in plain English, an everlasting sowing of wild oats. Of course, no one can persevere in that condition without forfeiting all his claims to respectability; and Henry Murger himself was conscious of this when, invoking Death, in his *Ballade du Désespéré*, he exclaimed—

Entre, je suis las de la vie,
Qui pour moi n'a plus d'avenir.

Considered merely as a work of art, the *Nuits d'Hiver* are a remarkable production. They belong to the same category as Alfred de Musset's lyrics, with less brilliancy, perhaps, but more humour. The pieces entitled "Un Requiem d'Amour" and "Le Testament" are especially striking. The volume concludes with critical notices of Henry Murger by MM. Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Fiorentino, Arsène Houssaye, and Paul de Saint Victor.

M. Niboyet's *Roman d'une Actrice*† should have been sent out from the publisher's shop dressed in a funereal garb of the most sombre hue; every copy should be bound in crape, and printed on paper surrounded by a black border one inch deep. The actress whose romance is here delineated shines before us as a pattern of every virtue—none of your *Dames aux Camélias*, mixing sentiment with vice, and endeavouring to render corruption interesting. Suzanne is really a pink of perfection—generous, clever, noble-hearted, and immaculate, notwithstanding all the dangers of her position. She is, in fact, too good for this world; and accordingly M. Niboyet makes both her and those who have anything to do with her perish under the most melancholy circumstances. Suzanne of course falls in love, but her affection is not returned, and this game of cross purposes eventually brings about the death of two of the characters, whilst it drives a third one mad. In spite of the ultra-gloomy style of the *Roman d'une Actrice*, the tale is interesting, and may serve as a good specimen of recent French works of fiction. M. Niboyet has added, in the same volume, a novelette entitled *Le Dernier des Châteaux*, which, by its liveliness, forms a

pleasant contrast to the mournful history of Suzanne and her sister.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton has now thoroughly established her claims to be admitted as a member of the large family of French novelists. The success which her former production, *La Comtesse de Bonneval*, obtained at once might, to some extent, be ascribed to the heroine of the book, and to the biographical incidents which the authoress had simply to put together and illustrate. In *Rose Leblanc*,* Lady Georgiana Fullerton has drawn exclusively from the resources of her own imagination, and therefore this new volume is a fair test of her talent. It would be exceedingly unjust, of course, to compare the authoress of *Rose Leblanc* with Madame Ancelot or Madame Charles Reybaud; but her style is singularly idiomatic, and the *dramatis personæ* she has introduced are always pleasing, because they do not belong to that class of moral eccentricities which the imitators of M. Victor Hugo delight so much in portraying. The only fault we have to find with *Rose Leblanc* is, that it reflects too much the religious fervour of a recent convert to the Roman Catholic religion. The editor of the *Correspondant*, M. T. Douhaire, has prefixed to the volume a kind of *avertissement*, in which he analyses the principal features of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's literary character.

M. Charles de Courcy frankly acknowledges that the title of his new work has no meaning whatever. The *Histoires du Café de Paris*† might as well have been the *histoires* of any other locality. Perhaps some readers may remember, twenty years ago, that facetious volume of Charles Nodier's, the title-page of which announced to the anxious public a faithful and authentic history of the King of Bohemia and of his seven *Châteaux*? The *Café de Paris* occupies quite as prominent a position in M. de Courcy's tales as his Slavonic Majesty did of yore in the Pantaugelic *jeu d'esprit* of the late academicien. But this is a very venial offence, and the genuine humour which our author displays makes us comparatively indifferent with regard to the title under which he has thought fit to issue it. The *Histoires du Café de Paris* are a kind of *mélange*, comprising an interesting tale—*la Voisine*—and a series of droll, nondescript paragraphs, which seem as if they were cut out of the pages of the *Charivari*.

The third and last volume of M. Bouillet's translation of Plotinus‡ has just appeared. That so heavy an undertaking should have been, first, contemplated, and then brought to a successful termination is most creditable, not only to the author, but also to the public who have encouraged it with their support. It is true that the Government of the Emperor has by subscriptions assisted M. Bouillet in the prosecution of his work; but this pecuniary aid alone is far from covering the expenses which such a publication necessarily entails, and we are left to conclude that a taste for serious studies still exists amongst our Gallican neighbours to an extent far greater than might at first be supposed. M. Bouillet's *Plotinus* is a work which will rank with M. Cousin's *Plato*, and with the translation of Aristotle already partly published by M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire. The third volume contains, in the way of illustrative notes and appendices, everything that can be required, and it terminates with a copious index to the whole work.

M. Jules Simon's new volume, *L'Ouvrière*,§ is a continuation, or rather an application, of the author's previous treatises on moral philosophy and on political economy. He had hitherto given us principally the theory of government. He now passes on to practical considerations; and, in the first place, he examines the position of the working classes. M. Jules Simon is not one of those who take things for granted, and who form conclusions from incomplete data gathered at second-hand. He has visited the large manufacturing towns of France; he has himself inquired into the respective positions of workmen and employers; he shows us how things are going on at Lyons, at Mulhausen, at St. Etienne; he follows the *ouvriers* and *ouvrières* from the loom to their wretched homes; he watches the ravages made by drunkenness and debauchery; and he seeks a remedy for that moral dissolution which seems ever on the increase. Since the Revolution of 1789 much has been done on behalf of the working classes. The suppression of the *maîtrises* introduced amongst them the principle of equality; the benefits of instruction have been placed within their reach by the law of 1833; an improved system of ventilation and every description of physical convenience have been applied to the manufactories; but still the greatest of all reforms remains to be accomplished—namely, the reform of the men themselves. This, according to M. Jules Simon, is the object we ought to pursue, and the only means of doing so is by reviving family influence, by putting woman in the position for which she was destined, and making her the guardian angel of the domestic hearth, instead of compelling her, so to say, to earn a precarious livelihood amidst the demoralizing atmosphere of the common workroom. M. Jules Simon has neglected no detail which could help him to demonstrate his interesting problem, and the book which is the result of his inquiries unites the accuracy of a scientific treatise with all the eloquence of a moral essay.

* *Rose Leblanc*. Par Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Avec une Introduction par M. Douhaire. Paris: Douniol. London: Jeffs.

† *Les Histoires du Café de Paris*. Par M. Charles de Courcy. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Les Ennéades de Plotin*. Traduites par M. Bouillet. Vol. 3. Paris and London: Hachette.

§ *L'Ouvrière*. Par M. Jules Simon. Paris and London: Hachette.

* *Les Nuits d'Hiver*. Poésies Complètes, suivies d'études sur Henry Murger. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Le Roman d'une Actrice*. Par Paulin Niboyet (Fortunio). Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs.